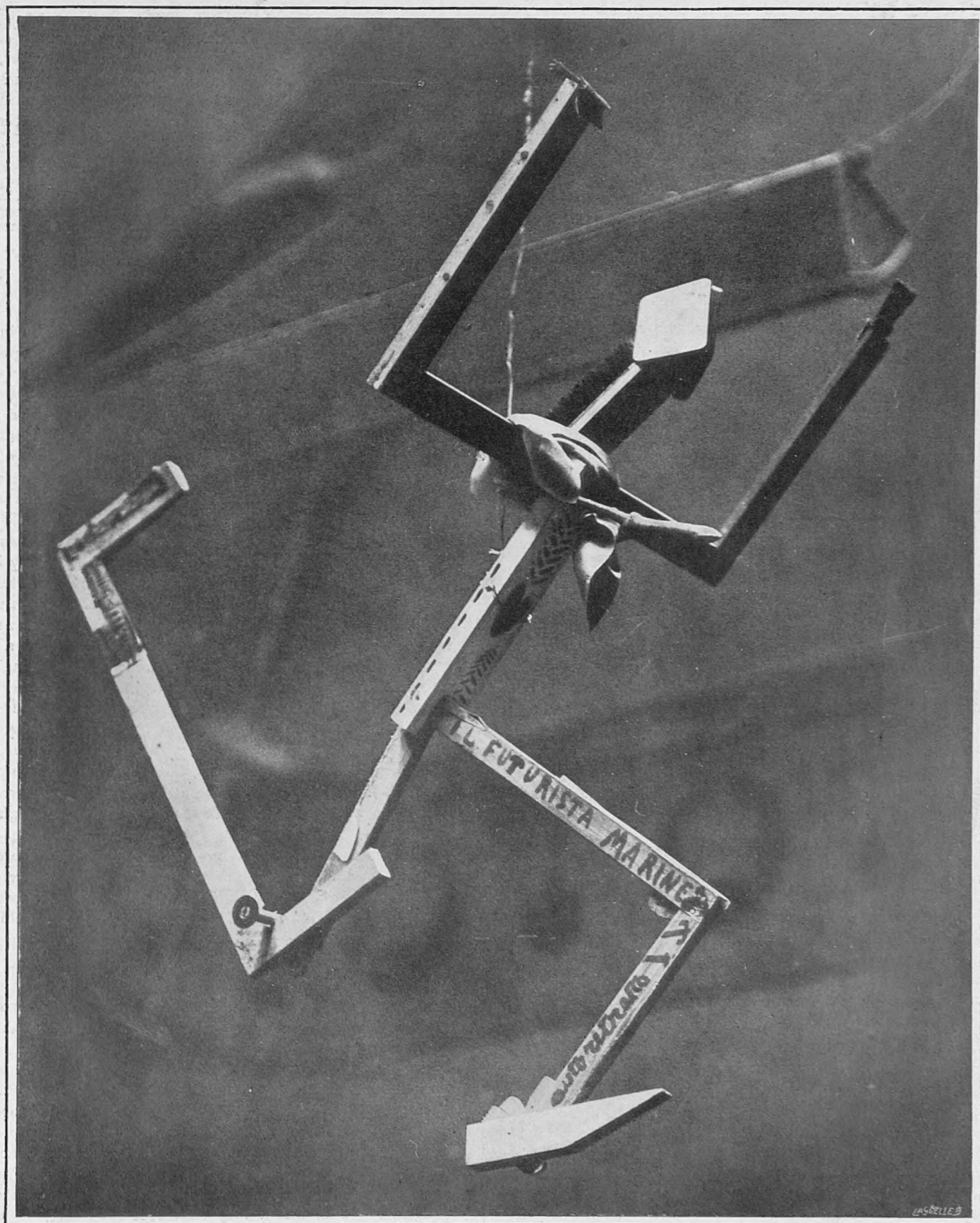


The Sketch

No. 1111.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

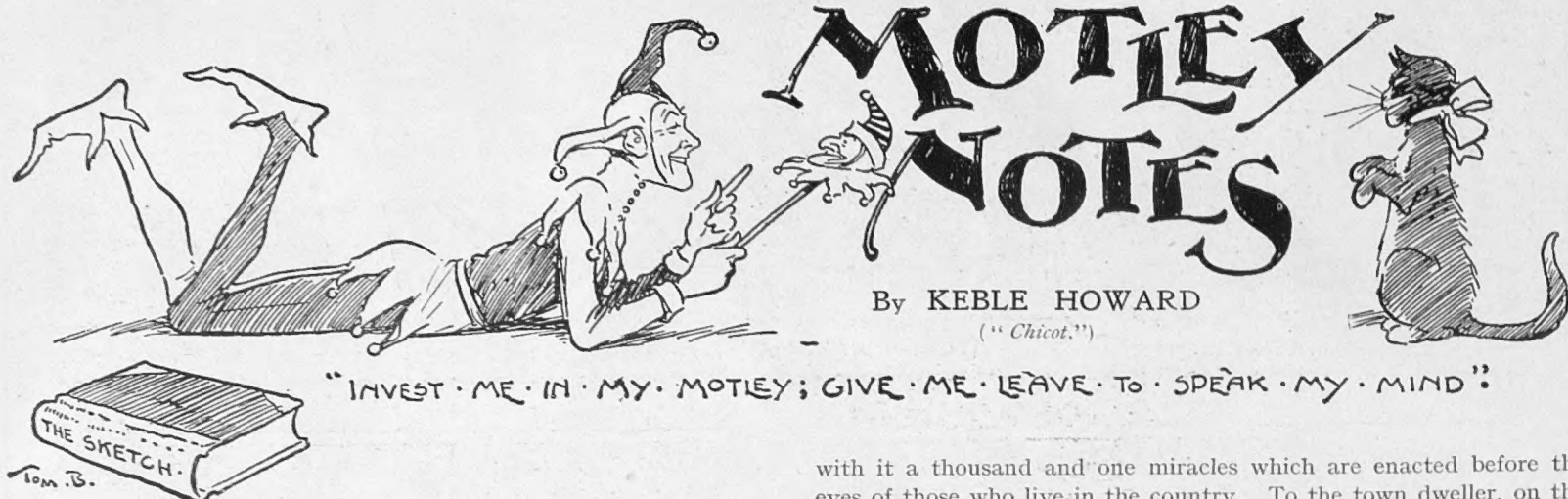


FUTURISM RUNNING AMUCK! PORTRAIT OF THE POET MARINETTI, LEADER OF THE FUTURISTS, BY HIMSELF.

Signor Marinetti, the Italian poet, who is the leader of the Futurist movement and has been lecturing in London to very interested audiences, is here seen as represented by himself. The "work" is on view at the Doré Galleries, with Italian Futurist pictures—"Mlle. Flic-Flic Chap-Chap," a ballet-dancer with cigar-holders

for legs and cigarettes for neck; and various "plastic ensembles," by Signor Umberto Boccioni, whose aim it is "to represent a body in movement, not a body studied in a state of immobility and afterwards modelled as if it were in movement—to fix, in fact, the unique form which expresses its continuity in space."

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



An Editor on Optimism.

I was glad to read, in a daily paper the other day, a glowing tribute to optimism by Mr. J. L. Garvin, the distinguished editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Garvin's speech gave the lie direct to the well-worn epigram, "A pessimist is a person who lives with an optimist," for Mr. Garvin delivered his oration after being entertained to dinner by the Optimists' Club. If living with an optimist induces pessimism, it would follow, I suppose, that to dine with a whole club of optimists would lead to suicide. But there is not a trace of cynicism in the defence of optimism by the distinguished journalist. He said—

"The difference between men who do not count and men who do count is measured by the extent to which they embody the thoughts and actions of other men, or bring a fresh store of perception to reinforce the common stock. All success worth having is no more than ideas realised in action, and the man who believes life is worth living and puts both hands to the task he has undertaken is far more likely to have ideas, if only from the necessity of having them, than the Weary Willies of the moral world who think there is nothing new, and nothing true, and that it doesn't matter anyway."

The Secret of Optimism.

I note with some surprise, however, that Mr. Garvin refrained from disclosing, for the benefit of a pessimistic world that would dearly love to be optimistic if it knew how, the secret of optimism. I will therefore take it upon myself to supplement Mr. Garvin's eulogy. Optimism is purely a matter of habit. You can accustom yourself to see the good in everything just as surely as you can acquire the habit of seeing the bad in everything. In other words, optimism is a pose just as pessimism is a pose. Ever since man began to get his living out of the ground, for instance, the pessimism of the farmer has been a standard joke. But the farmer has a very excellent reason for his pessimism. The more unpropitious the weather, the more difficult the soil, the greater the labour of bringing crops to perfection, the more credit to the man who achieves this end, and, incidentally, the more plausible the excuse for putting up the price.

The optimist's motives are rather more disinterested. His sympathies with humanity are so acute that it is his constant endeavour to help humanity on its way, and there is certainly no surer means of helping the traveller along the road than to assure him, the pessimistic poets notwithstanding, that the road does *not* wind uphill all the way. The fact that, in doing this, he also lends a helping hand to himself should not be allowed to detract from the value of his task. It is bad economics to discourage the ox that is treading out the corn by applying the muzzling order.

Life in the Town.

A wag is amused because Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who now lives, it seems, entirely in the country, "has taken up apiculture with immense enthusiasm." It is the custom of those who live in the towns to laugh at those who live in the country. This is well known. But it is not quite so well known that those who live in the country are sincerely sorry for the others who live in the town. Only by living in the country can you discover how much fuller of interest is the country life than the town life. Take, for example, the changes of the seasons. The transition from winter to spring, from spring to summer, from summer to autumn, and from autumn to winter brings

with it a thousand and one miracles which are enacted before the eyes of those who live in the country. To the town dweller, on the other hand, what do these marvellous transitions mean? From winter to spring means a visit to the doctor, and a course of medicine. From spring to summer means a visit to the tailor or the dress-maker, and the ill-temper that results from trying on clothes. From summer to autumn means a little temporary excitement in the taking up of the road immediately opposite the house, followed by a hasty, peevish, and disappointing inquiry into the conditions of living in the country or by the sea. From autumn to winter means the necessity of purchasing an umbrella, a macintosh, and a pair of goloshes.

Art of Living in the Country.

It may be said that an avowed optimist has no right to take this pessimistic view of life in towns, merely because he himself happens to live in the country. But it would be just as easy to argue that an optimist has no right to bring his optimism to bear upon a genuine social evil. There can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable person that for millions of people to live in a wilderness of streets is a very great evil, and the proper thing for the optimist to do is to try to convince these millions of people that there is a better way of living.

But no town dweller must take it for granted that he has merely to shift his place of residence from the town to the country in order to enjoy all the delights of the country. More character, more individuality, more strength of mind, more self-reliance are required of the dweller in the country than of his cousin in the town. It is admitted on all sides that you may live for twenty years in a London street without exchanging a word with your next-door neighbour. That is not the way to find happiness in the country. If you wish to make a success of life in the country, you must take the deepest interest in everything around you, from the man who lives in the nearest house to the humblest flower that grows in your garden. You must have a thousand interests, but you must also be prepared for those calm, quiet hours when you will look the universe in the face, and the awe-inspiring riddle thereof will be brought home to you.

In other words, if you loathe your fellow-men, shun the country. If you are afraid to think, shun the country. And if you think that the life of the bee is ridiculous, run away from the country as fast as you can, and bury yourself in the thickest and stuffiest part of the town.

Unscathed.

The Futurists are always asking for something that nobody gives them. Listen to the account of a Futurist poetic imitation of the bombardment of Adrianople—

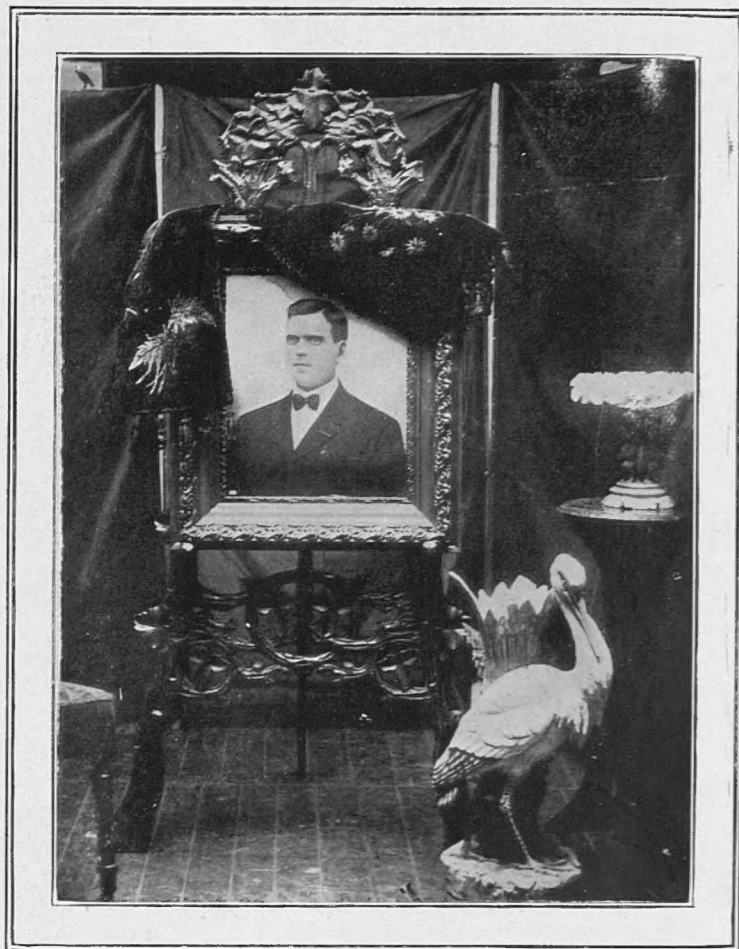
"With a hammer and a piece of wood he gave an excellent imitation of a machine-gun which punctuated his words, and with dynamic gestures as well as a vital expenditure of elocutionary passion he marched through the hall and concluded his poem by the beating of a big drum, which boomed like guns heard across the hills, and which, he explained, was the siege cannon. Finally the lecturer tore back to the platform, and frantically waved his pocket-handkerchief. 'This was a very imperfect rendering,' he declared. 'There should be no passive listeners. Everyone should take a part and act the poem.'"

I do not see how anybody, even a Futurist, could give a plainer hint than that. It is impossible to bombard a town without loss of life. Of course there should have been no passive listeners. At least one hefty person should have come forward and taken a part in the realistic acting of the poem.

A BAD-TASTE EXHIBITION: "ART" OF THE AWFUL 'EIGHTIES.



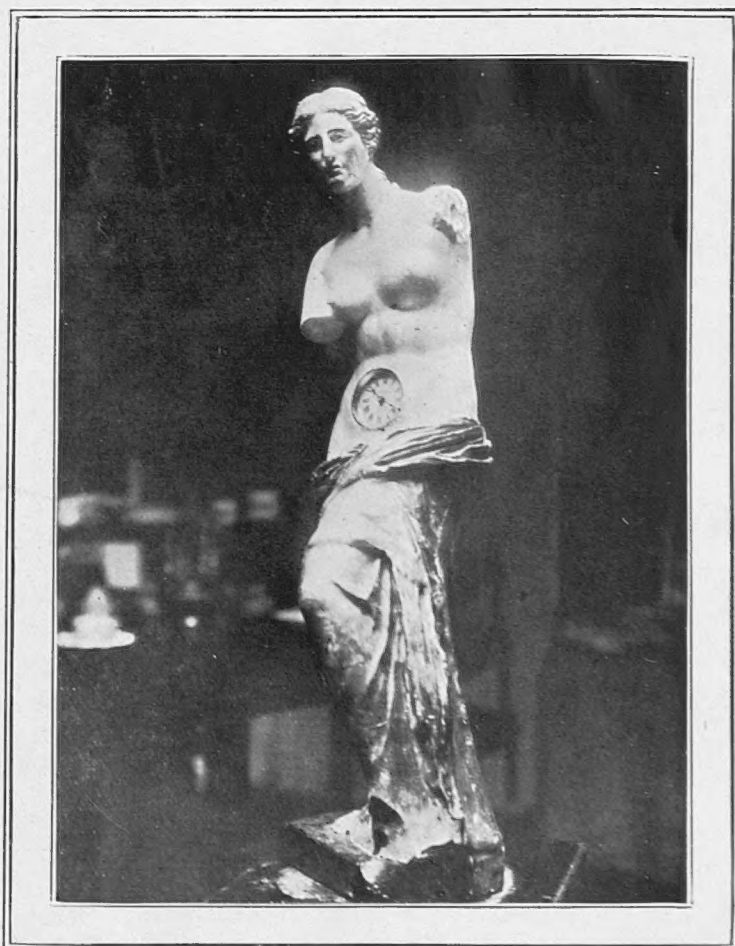
PEACOCK-FEATHER FAN; "HUSBAND," "WIFE," AND "GRANDPA" CUPS;
AND SO ON.



THE ENLARGEMENT, WITH SILK-EMBROIDERED PLUSH CURTAIN;
AND THE CHINA STORK VASE.



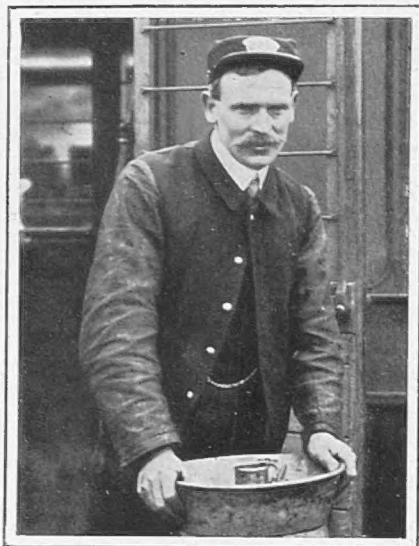
THE WHAT-NOT, WITH WHAT-NOT UPON IT! EMBROIDERED PLUSH FOR
SCREEN AND CHAIRS; HOME-MADE MODERN SAMPLER; AND SO ON.



THE WORST OF THEM ALL: A VENUS DE MILO WITH A CLOCK LET
INTO THE BODY—AN ATROCITY FEW COULD HAVE IMAGINED POSSIBLE.

An exhibition of bad-taste was opened the other night in the Modernist Studios, New York, to show art-nightmares in the way of decoration favoured in the awful 'eighties, and including those things here shown—gilded rolling-pins, shell frames, wreaths of human hair, and so on. The exhibition closed with a ball, to which everyone came dressed in bad taste.—[Photographs by Topical.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MR. HARRY STEVENS—FOR HAVING A BITE AT A SANDWICH THAT IS NOT OF THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM VARIETY.

One of the entrants for the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich is Mr. Harry Stevens, the golfing railway porter of Surbiton, who is a member of the Thames Ditton and Esher Club. He is a "plus" man and much in demand as a partner among golfers travelling on the South Western.—Prince Alexander of Teck, who



PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK—FOR PREPARING TO CONQUER THE NEW WORLD ALONG WITH ALEXANDER.

is to succeed the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General of Canada, is the third son of the late Duke of Teck, and a brother of the Queen. In 1904 he married Princess Alice of Albany, daughter of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, and grand-daughter of Queen Victoria.

Photographs by Sport and General and Stuart.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK—FOR ASSUMING THE MANTLE OF CONNAUGHT WITHOUT HAVING TO BOTHER ABOUT AN ULSTER.



Mlle. HUGUETTE VITOUZ—FOR BEING THE MOST CELEBRATED FRENCH SCULPTRESS OF HER AGE.

Mlle. Huguette Vitoz, a French sculptress who is only fifteen, has had a work accepted by the Salon. It is a plaster cast of a little girl putting her doll to sleep, and its title has been variously reported as "Petite Maman," or "La Fillette Endormant Sa Poupée."—Princess Mary made her first appearance in public



PRINCESS MARY—FOR HAVING BEEN, AS IT WERE, THE COIFFURE OF EVERY EYE ON THE DRIVE TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

with her hair "up" the other day, when she accompanied her parents, the King and Queen, to the opening of the new wing of the British Museum.—Lieutenant E. F. Briggs, R.N., has been awarded by the Royal Aero Club the British altitude record for a pilot flying alone. He reached a height of 14,920 feet.

Photographs by Nouvelle, Illustrations Bureau, and Topical.



LIEUTENANT E. F. BRIGGS, R.N.—FOR SHOWING THAT, THOUGH OBSOLETE, BRIG(G)S ARE THE FLIERS OF THE NAVY.



MR. E. M. BAERLEIN—FOR NOT ALLOWING THE CRANE TO HOIST OFF THE AMATEUR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mr. E. M. Baerlein (Manchester) beat Mr. Joshua Crane (Boston) in the final and championship round of the Amateur Tennis Championship at Queen's Club by 3 sets to love—18 games to 5. Mr. Baerlein is thus champion for the second time.—In the Suffragette procession in London the other day the principal figure



THE SUFFRAGETTE JOAN OF ARC—FOR INVENTING A NEW COSTUME FOR THE MAID OF ORLEANS, AND GRACIOUSLY ALLOWING KING ROBERT OF SCOTLAND (YARD) TO CURB HER FIERY STEED.

represented Joan of Arc, mounted on a white horse. In Trafalgar Square her steed became restive, and had to be led by a policeman.—Sir Charles Huntington, who played in the golf competition for the Gold Vase at Sunningdale recently, is the third Baronet of a creation dating from 1906.

Photographs by Sport and General, Illustrations Bureau, and Newspaper Illustrations.



SIR CHARLES HUNTINGTON—FOR HIS ILLUSTRATION OF "YOU SHOULD SEE MY COAT-TAILS FLYING, AS I WALTZ MY DRIVER ROUND."

WEDDED AFTER A SEPARATION BY THE SOUTH.



HONEYMOONING IN ENGLAND: MRS. DOUGLAS MAWSON, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS ANTARCTIC EXPLORER, WHO WAITED FOR HER FIANCÉ WHEN HE WAS "LOST" IN THE ANTARCTIC, DESPITE HIS SUGGESTION BY WIRELESS THAT SHE SHOULD GIVE HIM UP.

Dr. Douglas Mawson arrived in London the other day, fresh from the dangers of the unknown Antarctic, on his honeymoon trip. The explorer missed his ship after the greatest of his adventures, during which two of his comrades lost their lives. Then it was that he sent a wireless message from the white wastes to his fiancée, in

Australia, telling her that she had better give him up. She said she would wait for him; and the pair were married on the day before they sailed from Melbourne for England. Mrs. Mawson was Miss Delprat, and, though she belongs to a well-known Dutch family, was born in London and was brought up in Spain, Holland, and Australia.

Photograph by Swaine.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Five (January 7 to
April 1, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE piece lately presented by the Pioneer Players, "The
Patience of the Sea," is just the sort of work for which such
societies exist. Obviously, there is no general public for the
play, but it is clever, interesting, and witty; on the other hand,
puzzling and strange, and without any great acting part. Moreover,
the concentration of the interest on three people—a young man, a
middle-aged woman, and a middle-aged man—would rebuff an
ordinary audience. There is no specific plot, but we saw a finely
drawn figure of a cynical philosopher, admirably presented by Mr.
Harcourt Williams, face to face with the one woman whom he had
loved, and discovering that he had never ceased to love her, nor she
him, but that she has just married his young secretary! From this
situation many things arise, but the events are mainly psychological,
and the ending is rather inconclusive. Mr. Norreys Connell has also
been very clever in drawing the woman, though in some aspects her
conduct is baffling; and he has given Miss Gertrude Kingston a
part which, if not showy, enabled her to offer a brilliant perform-
ance. Mr. Basil Hallam played the young secretary quite cleverly.

In Mr. H. F. Rubinstein Miss Horniman has discovered another
young man capable of writing an amusing comedy with some novelty
of treatment. So we shall be anxious to see the successor to
"Consequences," and whether it is the one play supposed to be
within the powers of everybody. As in "The Melting Pot," we
have the idea of mixed marriages between Jew and Gentile treated
as basis of drama—in the present instance, comically. Indeed, the
author uses his theme chiefly as a basis for making fun of the Jews,
and very good fun too, which caused roars of laughter in an audience
a large portion of which possessed an "inside" knowledge of the
subject. We, however, were not spared, and both sides were lashed
for insincerity on the very important topic. The chief character,
Benjamin Lipaki, a flamboyant, word-swollen young Hebrew who
thinks he has a mission, and believes himself to be in love with the
strenuous, blonde, Suffragette Gentile, who fancies she loves him,
is cleverly drawn, and Mr. Charles Bibby acted him very skilfully,
without, however, catching the Jewish note in speech. Mr. Horace
Braham was very funny as a horrible Jewish schoolboy, and Miss
Marie Røyter played with much ability as a Suffragette.

"The Dangerous Age" is the best play that even Mr. Esmond
has written, and shows a rare mastery of technique and delicacy of
feeling. Indeed, there are fine points in it so nicely handled that
some of the audience failed to give credit for the difficulty of
accomplishment. The critics seem inclined to praise the comedy
patronisingly; as a mere piece of pretty sentiment, ignoring the fact
that the author has attacked an exceedingly difficult subject and
triumphed. Very few dramatists could have kept the audience
sympathetic with Betty, notwithstanding her quite shocking lapse,
caused by a *surprise des sens*, or prevented the house from feeling
a kind of contempt for Sir Egbert, who married her—notwithstand-
ing her "night out." It is not merely in the serious scenes that
the play is good, for the audience rejoiced in the humours of "Eggie"
and the two boys—very jolly boys, cleverly acted by Masters Roy
Royston and R. Grasdorff. Moreover, the comic courtship of a very
rich middle-aged woman by a young pauper Marquess was quite
amusing, if a little too farcical, and the two characters were admirably
presented by Miss Estelle Despa and Mr. Leslie J. Banks, both new-
comers. With Miss Eva Moore and Mr. H. V. Esmond playing parts
that suit them, we get English acting at its best, and I, for one,
utterly fail to see any possibility of improvement in their delightful
performances.

Now that the Censor has removed his ban upon the presentation
of Biblical subjects and persons upon the stage, we shall, no doubt,
have many earnest attempts to write Gospel and Old Testament
plays. An Old Testament specimen we have already had at His
Majesty's. "The Holy City," which is being given for a series of
matinées at the Comedy Theatre, ventures upon still more dangerous
ground. It is a Passion Play without the essential central figure,
and with Mary Magdalen promoted to the first place. Mr. Broad-
hurst, the author, has not been very happy in his attempt to write
Biblical language; but in this he is faced with the difficulty which
everybody has to face who would try to paraphrase the Bible. It
is all, no doubt, very earnest and reverent in intention—it could
not be anything else; but it is difficult to see how it was worth the
doing. Miss Nancy Price plays the Magdalene with some power;
but she and all the players have a hard task, for there is little drama
in the passages which Mr. Broadhurst has picked out of the story.

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PRACTICE FOR THE POLO CUP : DELHI ARCHITECTURE : M. CAILLAUX'S FORBEARANCE : CATCHING A TARTAR.

The International Polo Cup. Lord Wimborne's group of polo-players, who have been practising in Madrid, where they were the guests of King Alfonso, are now playing their final trial matches in England before they go over to America. There they will have some practice on the Piping Rock Ground to enable them and their ponies to become acclimatised before they meet the American team in the matches for the Cup.

The English Team. The English team is likely to consist of four cavalry officers, and one of the difficulties in the putting together of the team is that at least two of these officers have been in the habit, when playing for their regiments, of doing more than their fair share of work. In an

most splendid palaces in the world, and the great road that runs up to it, with public buildings on either side, will be a magnificent avenue. This great road is to run straight from the northern gate of Indrapat, which was the first Delhi—founded by the Pandavas during the dawn of Indian history—to the latest Delhi, that of the British Raj. I believe that Mr. Lutyens and Mr. Baker had a task of unusual difficulty in deciding what the architecture should be of the great buildings of the new Delhi, for though there are many beautiful buildings inside the great forts erected by the Moghul Emperors, the outside of any great palace was the outside of a fort. The British Raj is the first Government India has ever had that has been able to build without thinking of defence as well as of beauty. The stately buildings that are to be erected are evidently intended for the hot weather as well as for the cold, and, with the great departments housed so magnificently at Delhi, the annual exodus to Simla will be conducted on a much smaller scale, and India will no longer have cause to grumble at the tribes of Baboos who have to be transported to the hills and back again every year.

The Latest French Duel.

The latest Parisian duel, though its result has not even been a scratch, was in no way a laughing matter. M. Caillaux, with his wife in prison awaiting trial, had to fight for his seat at the General Election, and he could not overlook a sentence in his opponent's address to the electors which reflected on his honour. M. d'Aillières refused to say that his statements were not such a reflection, and he was called upon to stand up, pistol in hand, facing M. Caillaux, who is one of the best pistol-shots in France, and who is said to be able to hit with a bullet a five-franc piece tossed into the air. When M. d'Aillières had fired on the ground, M. Caillaux had the time, while the



OH LL.: AS IT USED TO BE WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE—THE HOUSE AT LLANYSTUMDWY IN WHICH THE PRESENT CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER WAS BROUGHT UP.

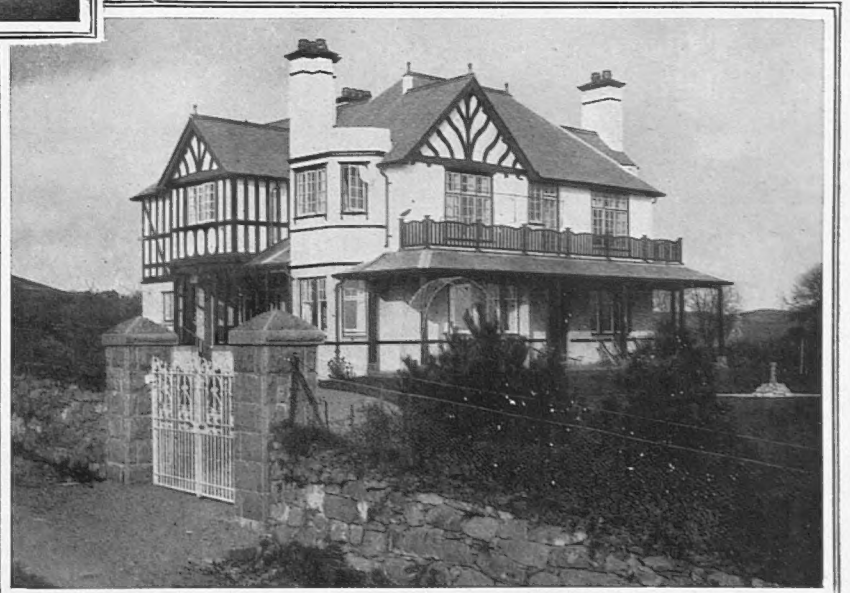
Llanystumdwy is two miles west of Criccieth Station. Mr. Lloyd George presented it with a village institute in 1912. The Chancellor passed his boyhood at Llanystumdwy, but was born in York Place, Manchester.

Photographs by Topical.

International game against such a team as America will put into the field, every man finds all his work cut out for him in his own post, without trespassing on the work of the other players of his side. Another great difficulty which has to be faced by the organiser of the British team is that, if the officers who at the moment compose it go to America, the post of No. 1 will be taken by a player who is more at home further back in the game. There seems also to be a doubt whether the ponies that Lord Wimborne can bring together will be the equals of those available for the American team. I hope very sincerely that all these difficulties will straighten themselves out before the team sails later in the month, but there is no game in which constant practice together tells so much as in polo. It is a game in which the players become accustomed to one particular post, and a brilliant No. 3 may be but an indifferent No. 1, or vice versa.

The American Team. The American team, who are playing their practice games, are not handicapped as the Englishmen are, for three at least out of the invincible four of past matches are certain to play this year in their old places. The fourth of the old team is available, but has withdrawn himself, believing that a better man can be found to take his place. Various players are being tried for the vacant place—Mr. Foxhall Keene, a veteran of the International games, amongst them—but if no surpassing talent is shown by the men now being tried, last year's four may again take the field.

The New Delhi. In the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy there are now on view some exceptionally interesting drawings of the Government buildings that are to be built in the new Delhi. Government House will be one of the



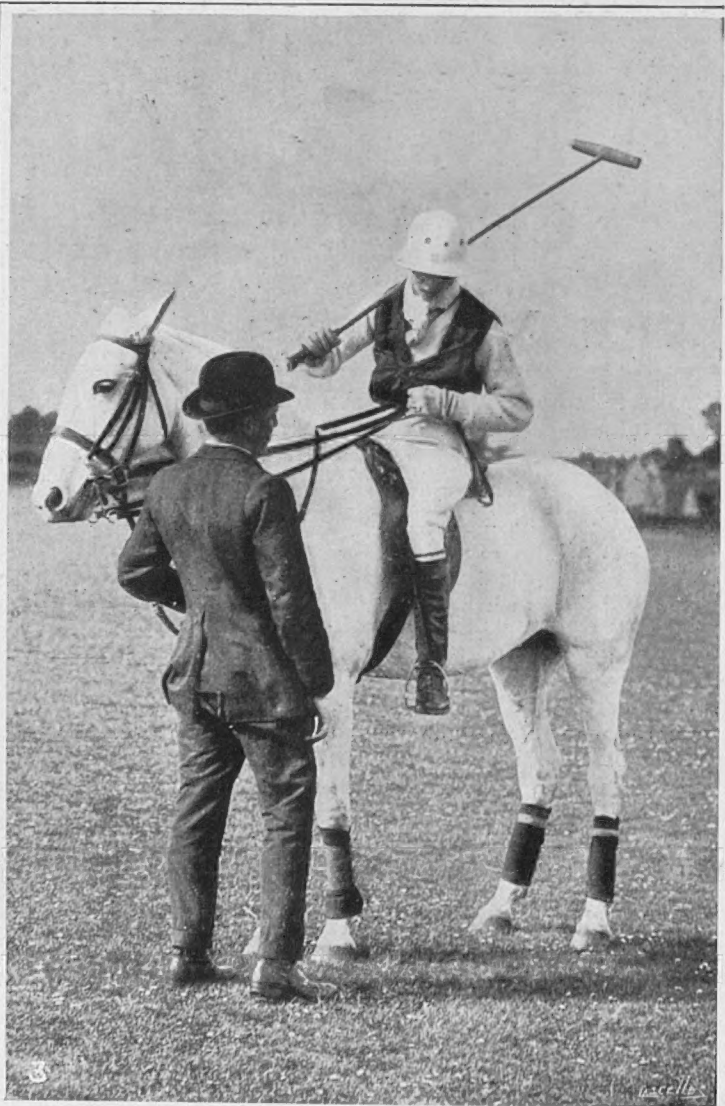
OH LL. AGAIN: AS IT IS WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE—THE NEW HOME OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, AT CRICCIETH.

director of the combat counted three, to make up his mind what he would do. His opponent's life was in his hands, and that he decided to fire in the air meant that he was unwilling to have M. d'Aillières' death on his conscience.

The Duel that Miscarried.

Of a different character was the duel that did not come off at Abbazia, where two Austrian officers made eyes at the wife of a tourist who was reading his newspaper quietly on the terrace of a café. The lady complained to her husband, the husband asked the officers what they meant by it, one of them boxed his ears, and both of them were astonished to find themselves sitting on the ground, having been knocked down one after the other by the tourist, who proved to be the champion pugilist of Hungary, and whose nerve was so undoubted that he had been for a time a bull-fighter in Spain.

AT THE GAME HIS "OWN" REGIMENT BROUGHT FROM INDIA.



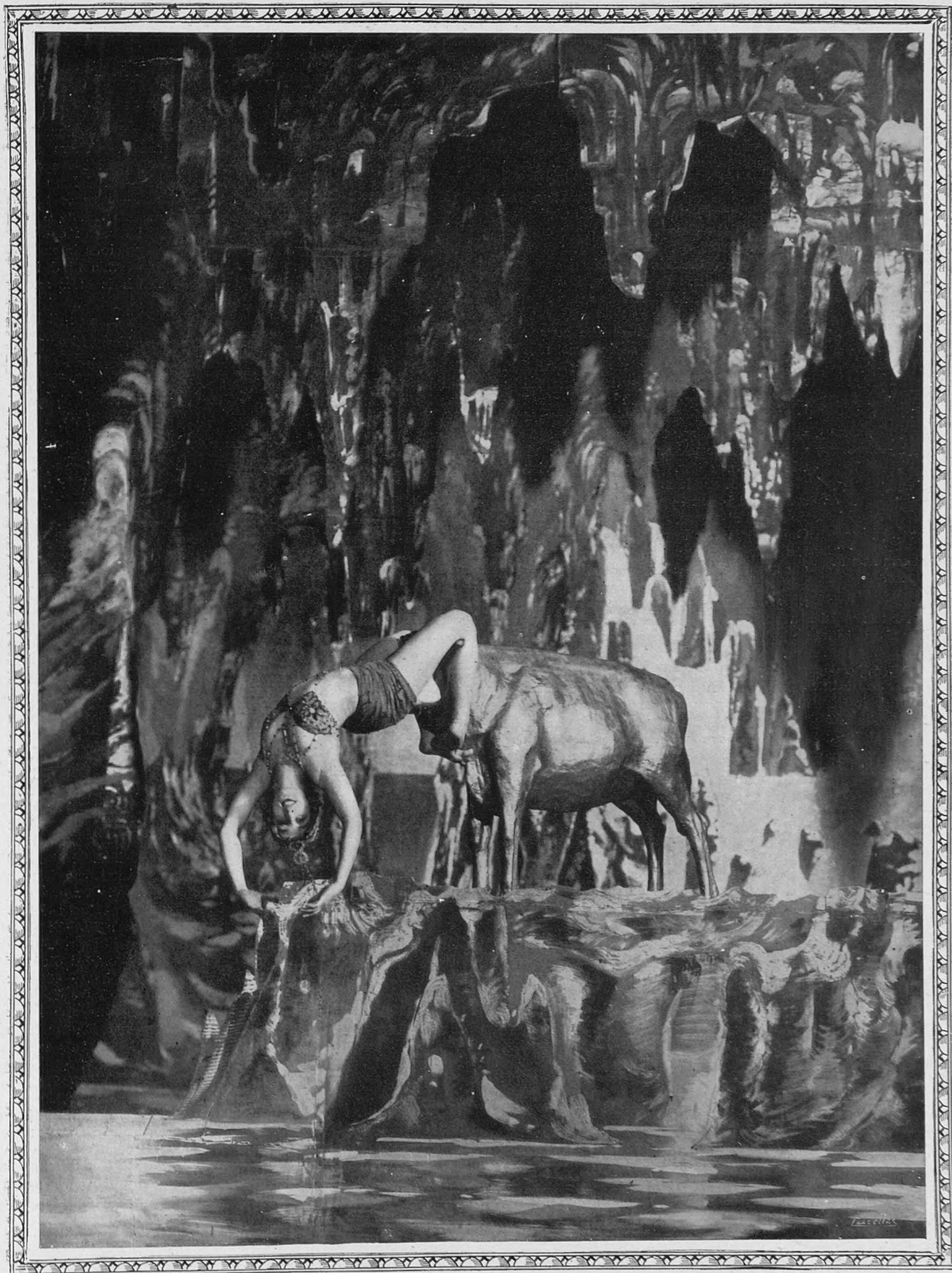
1. THE LATEST SPORT TAKEN UP BY THE ROYAL UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD: THE PRINCE OF WALES (X) AT POLO—WAITING FOR THE BALL TO BE THROWN IN.
2. THE HEIR-APPARENT AS POLO-PLAYER: THE PRINCE PRACTISING BEFORE THE MATCH.
3. AFTER A CHANGE OF PONIES: THE PRINCE OF WALES TALKING TO HIS GROOM.

The Prince of Wales shows an indefatigable zest for every form of sport. Not long ago, he was ski-running in Norway. Up at Oxford he has gone in—among other things—for football, golf, motoring, beagling, and, more recently, for polo. Our photographs were taken at a game played at Oxford last Wednesday. Polo, it is

interesting to recall, is a very ancient game of Persian origin, dating back to about 600 B.C. It was introduced into England after the Indian Mutiny by officers of the 10th Hussars (the Prince of Wales's Own), who at that time used to play with hockey-sticks and billiard-balls, and rode their chargers, instead of special polo ponies.

Photographs by Topical.

PLAT DU JOUR: BEEF WITH MINTY SAUCE.



USING A GOLDEN OX AS "PEDESTAL": Mlle. MADO MINTY IN GYMNASTIC POSING, AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRE.

Mlle. Mado Minty, here seen in the revue at the Folies Bergère, will be remembered in London as the "spider" who performed quaint evolutions on a web in "Come Over Here."

Photograph by Bert.



THE BEST REVUE IN LONDON SINCE 1893: "THE PASSING SHOW," AT THE PALACE.

The Staying Show.

to stay for a long time. Certainly it will, for it is the best revue given in London in my time—or at least, the best since 1893, for my memory of "Under the Clock," presented at the Court, is not clear enough for me to make comparisons. The authors of that were Charles Brookfield and Mr. Seymour Hicks. By-the-bye, it is rather too malevolent, in "The Passing Show," to refer to Mr. Hicks as "once an actor." However, the humours of the revue are decidedly malevolent, and must be, in order to tell in a big theatre; and Mr. Arthur Wimperis, the author, can fairly boast that they do tell and make the audience laugh. His work is uneven, but undeniably witty at times; and what we want in these pieces as a class is more wit and less show. The negative virtues of the piece are immense, and pointed out somewhat blatantly to us in an interlude—no grand staircase, no rag-time, and so on. One boast made in preliminary puffs is not fulfilled, for the political gibes are all on one side: it was hardly to be expected that both Conservatives and Liberals should be roasted. Even apart from this, it may be suggested that the political turn is one of the weak spots: the idea of presenting the Cabinet as ballet-girls under the direction of John Redmond, dancing to the music of the *pas de quatre*, is not very funny—indeed, a *pas du tout* would be preferable. Another weak spot is "The Lyre Bird and the Jay," which might be more amusing; whilst the ballet in the Salle des Tapisseries Anciennes is somewhat commonplace. The back-cloth, a huge picture with living figures in it, is an excellent idea, but too *bon-bon* box in prettiness; whilst the poses of some of the young ladies made me ache sympathetically at the idea of the discomfort they were suffering for my sweet sake.



THE "COMPÈRE" OF "THE PASSING SHOW": MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS THE SHOWMAN.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

The title of the Palace revue was probably chosen in order to induce us to say that it is not a "Passing Show," but one that is likely to stay for a long time. Certainly it will, for it is the best revue given in London in my time—or at least, the best since 1893, for my memory of "Under the Clock," presented at the Court, is not clear enough for me to make comparisons. The authors of that were Charles Brookfield and Mr. Seymour Hicks. By-the-bye, it is rather too malevolent, in "The Passing Show," to refer to Mr. Hicks as "once an actor." However, the humours of the revue are decidedly malevolent, and must be, in order to tell in a big theatre; and Mr. Arthur Wimperis, the author, can fairly boast that they do tell and make the audience laugh. His work is uneven, but undeniably witty at times; and what we want in these pieces as a class is more wit and less show. The negative virtues of the piece are immense, and pointed out somewhat blatantly to us in an interlude—no grand staircase, no rag-time, and so on. One boast made in preliminary puffs is not fulfilled, for the political gibes are all on one side: it was hardly to be expected that both Conservatives and Liberals should be roasted. Even apart from this, it may be suggested that the political turn is one of the weak spots: the idea of presenting the Cabinet as ballet-girls under the direction of John Redmond, dancing to the music of the *pas de quatre*, is not very funny—indeed, a *pas du tout* would be preferable. Another weak spot is "The Lyre Bird and the Jay," which might be more amusing; whilst the ballet in the Salle des Tapisseries Anciennes is somewhat commonplace. The back-cloth, a huge picture with living figures in it, is an excellent idea, but too *bon-bon* box in prettiness; whilst the poses of some of the young ladies made me ache sympathetically at the idea of the discomfort they were suffering for my sweet sake.

A Charming Ballet.

The other ballet, the "Carnaval de Venise d'Antan," does more than make amends; it is quite delightful: the setting is beautiful, and the costume effects, particularly the mass of Pierrots, are fascinating—white is used too rarely in ballet. However, it is in the traditions of the Palace Theatre, for one of the most charming ballets London has seen was "Scaramouche," an "all-white," with music



DANCERS OF "THE PASSING SHOW": MR. JACK CHRISTIE AS LARRY HOARDER IN A BEER DANCE; MISS ELSIE JANIS AS KITTY O'HARA DOING A HIGH KICK; AND Mlle. RÉGINE FLORY IN A "DANSE DE GRIMACE."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

by André Messager and George Street, given at this house some years ago, and worthy of revival. The performance of Mlle. Régine Flory in this new ballet as La Marchande de Masques is a remarkable piece of work as miming, her exhibition of different emotions

being very vivid and effective; and the dancing, if occasionally faulty in rhythm, is otherwise brilliant in execution. There are tiny little ballets inside "Le Carnaval de Venise" that are excellent, notably one by Mr. Victor, Miss Mary Mitchell, and Miss Winifred Delevanti. Moreover, the stage is not crowded—an agreeable feature of this revue. Too many of the managers are believers in "big battalions," with the result that the general level of excellence is lowered, and a number of the ladies are ungracious in person and uncouth in movements. There is nothing of this kind in "The Passing Show," the underlying idea of which is—few and good. How good the company is may be seen from the fact that players of such distinction and talent as Miss Clare Greet and Mr. Lewis Sydney have too little to do.

The Travesties.

The chief burden, apart from the ballets, rests upon Miss Elsie Janis, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Basil Hallam. The young lady is a newcomer, apparently from the States, very deft as a dancer, and able to put plenty of point into a comic song, though rather too fond,

for my taste, of making her gracious person into a grotesque by acrobatic movements. However, on this point my taste is not that of the audience, which is delighted by her throughout, and particularly when she appears in a man's evening dress—a costume in which I do not care to see young and pretty women. Mr. Basil Hallam, as "Gilbert the Filbert," has a light touch in his fooling, dances neatly, and has a certain distinction in his methods. Mr. Playfair is the showman—one might say the *compère*—and directs the travesties given in the work, such as the one upon "The Marriage Market" and the attack upon the Barker production of "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," which is funny, if a little savage. Mr. Nelson Keys was the only sham Barker I have seen in revues who really resembled the original, but he, like the rest, failed to get the voice. Mr. Basil Haslam managed to suggest the Savoy Oberon. An amusing episode is the "Pygmalion" burlesque, founded, of course, upon the immortal adjective which promises to vie in popularity even with Camborne's famous word—still unprintable in England. Mrs. Pat's voice was very cleverly mimicked by someone not named upon the programme—I suspect that Mr. Nelson Keys was the culprit; whilst, of course, Mr. Playfair was funny as Sir Herbert Tree, for he has always been one of the best of our mimics. It would be unfair not to mention the music of Mr. Herman Finck, who has composed some lively tunes and makes excellent fun of old ones, such as "Two Lovely Black Eyes"; his work throughout is bright and catchy, and not too noisy, and, thank goodness, not too much affected by America, except, perhaps, in the heavy song called "I'll Make a Man of Any One of You." By way of criticism of this agreeable entertainment, I should like to suggest one fault: there is a little too much of it—a common fault, no doubt. One has just the Lord Chamberlain's minimum of other numbers (that minimum devised for the protection of orthodox theatres, quite fruitlessly), then a revue from nine till past eleven; and my own feeling, and not mine alone, is that rather less would be better. It is obvious that at the Palace, as everywhere else, a certain amount consists of what journalists call "fill-up pars" (I do not refer merely to the carpenter's scenes), without which the revue, as a whole, would be even brighter and more entertaining.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



THE LETHAL WEAPON AND THE NASAL ORGAN: MR. NELSON KEYS (ON THE LEFT) AS MR. ROBERT MICHAELIS IN A BURLESQUE OF "THE MARRIAGE MARKET," IN "THE PASSING SHOW."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

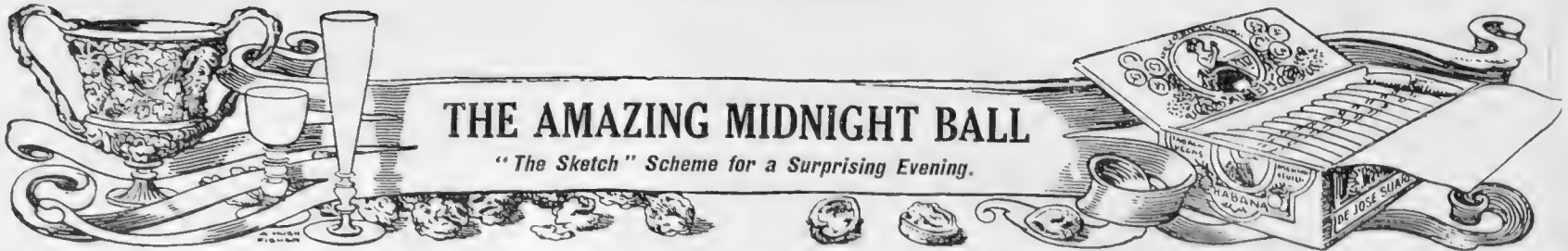
BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE PASSING SHOW."



MORE THAN "VERMILION" LIKELY TO BE A BY NO MEANS PASSING SHOW: THE REVUE THAT IS NOT A REVUE AT THE PALACE.

As Monocle points out in his article opposite, "The Passing Show" belies its title, and is likely—"vermilion" likely, one might say—to have a long run at the Palace. It certainly deserves to. It has been officially described as "not a revue," but most people see in this a distinction without very much difference.

CARICAURED BY TONY SARG.

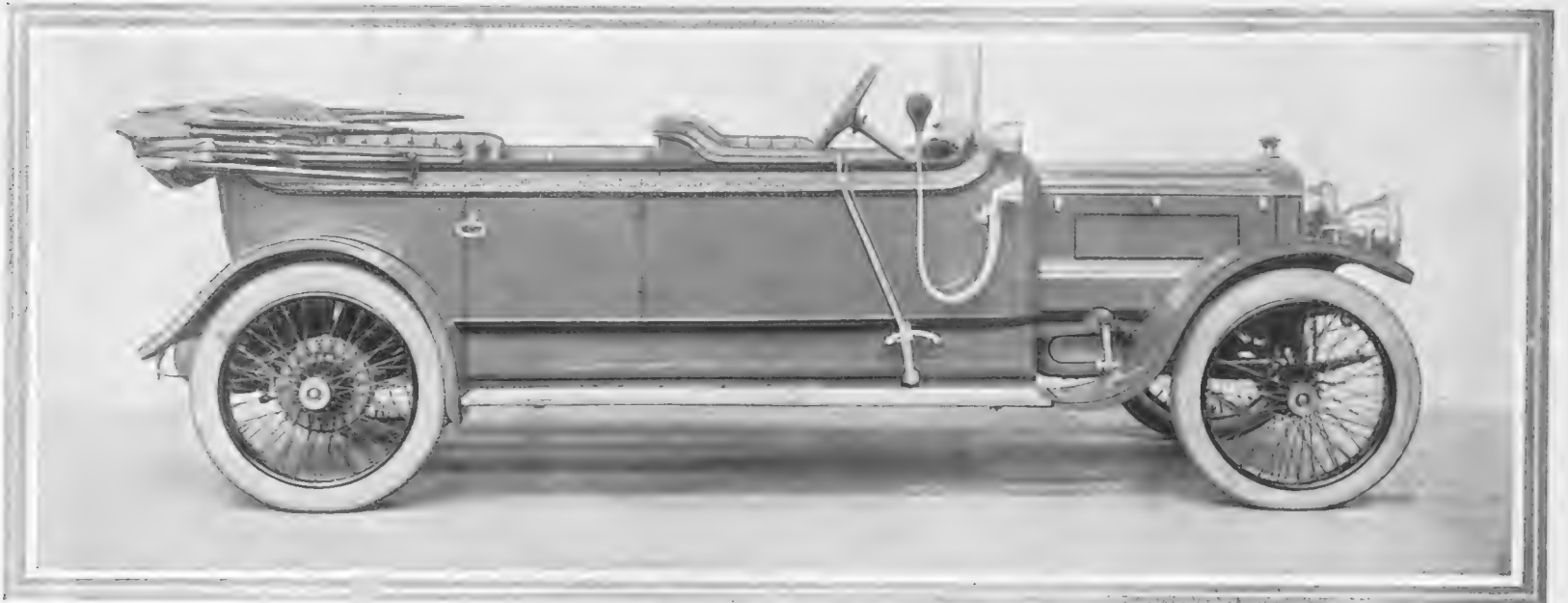


THE Midnight Ball at the Savoy promises, by reason of certain schemes devised in Milford Lane and other purlieus of the Press, to be the most exciting of all the great balls—more exciting than the Shakespeare Ball, the Artists' Revel, and the two or three other big events that lately set the great world waltzing in the name of charity. The Midnight Ball is to benefit the National Institute for the Blind, for which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is doing so much; and since Fleet Street and its papers, which exist for and by the grace of seeing, have specially identified themselves with this good cause, it is not unfitting that *The Sketch* should be responsible for a remarkable plan for the evening, and that the *Tatler* and *Bystander* should also be plotting deeply in the interests of the entertainment.

The unforeseen is to happen. Though the details here set forth give away the better half of the secret, the unexpected will, all the same, come about after midnight of June 25. The surprises are to take a more tangible and substantial form than is the rule. They will not comprise Buzzing Flashlights and Tableaux, nor a Heaving Floor, nor a Singing Orchestra, nor Blind Man's Buff, nor any of the familiar mysteries with which well-meaning but uninventive hostesses are accustomed to accommodate their more accommodating

famous makers; the box at the Empire; the order for sixteen-guineas'-worth of photographs; the fifty-guinea dressing-bag; the fifty-guinea model gown; the twelve-guinea bonbonnières; or the forty-guinea gown—not these, or any further benefits that may accrue, will be bestowed on the score of an ingenious costume, or a costume, rather, judged to be ingenious by a jury of perplexed and harassed artists.

The surprises—the super-prizes—are gifts of those most reckless of all mortals, business men and business women, who, throwing aside the dull caution of every day, vie with each other in extravagance of generosity. They are already a noble list, and a list certain to be considerably increased: the Daimler Company; Messrs. Reville and Rossiter; Mme. Hayward; Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer; Messrs. Wilson and Gill; the Gramophone Company; Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son; Messrs. J. W. Benson; Messrs. Pope and Bradley; Messrs. Debenham and Freebody; Messrs. Simmons; M. Zac; Messrs. Zyrot; Messrs. Russell, the photographers; the management of the Empire Theatre; the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company; Messrs. Redfern; Paquin's; and M. Barbellion. And all the gifts will be distributed on a romantic plan. Chance, instead of a jury, will be in authority. The numbering of the tickets (limited to 1200,



YOU MAY RECEIVE THIS £600 MOTOR-CAR AS A GIFT IF YOU BUY ONE TICKET FOR THE MIDNIGHT BALL AT THE SAVOY: A MAGNIFICENT 20-H.P. DAIMLER, A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE FINE PRODUCTIONS OF THE FAMOUS COMPANY.

On this page are some particulars of "The Sketch's" remarkable scheme for a series of superb gifts to be presented to guests attending that great Midnight Ball which will be held at the Savoy on Thursday, June 25, and will be, unquestionably, one of the great Society events of the season, more especially as it is in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. Your chance of finding yourself the happy possessor of this car, or of one of the many other gifts, depends, of course, upon your attending the Ball in question;

but not upon your dress or, indeed, upon any form of competition in the accepted sense. In other words, you will be put to no personal trouble. The gifts will be awarded in a novel and ingenious manner; and many will go away joyful in the knowledge that they are very much richer than when they came in! The Daimler has been given, most generously, by the Daimler Co., Ltd., and will be on view at 27 and 28, Pall Mall, S.W., from to-day, May 13.

guests. The adventure, briefly, begins with the buying of a ticket or tickets (and the numbers on them are bound up with the events to follow) at the rate of three guineas—certain to be raised later—and in turning up at the Savoy in time for a champagne-supper (included in the price of the ticket) on Thursday, the 25th of next month. Fancy-dress is imperative, with the usual loop-holes—with the usual ways, we mean, of getting out of fancy-dress or not getting into it. That is to say, the man or woman who prefers to begin the evening by occupying a stall at the opera or theatre in the usual way and in the usual dress need not scamper home to get into armour or *apacherie*: they can hire dominoes, Venetian cloaks, and other makeshifts at the entrance of the Savoy, and thus pass the scrutiny of the divers official dragons who keep the door.

Fancy dresses, or the disguise that hides the lack of them, will not, let it be remembered, have anything to do with the manifold benefits conferred on ticket-holders. Nobody will get, for instance, the Daimler—£600 as fitted—(and there, part of the secret is out!) on the strength of a costume; nobody on such grounds will get the fifty-guinea gown, by one famous firm; or a fifty-guinea gown by another; or the £40 cabinet of cigars; or the twenty-five guineas'-worth of gold and silver from a great jeweller's; or the Queen Anne Circassian gramophone; or the two tickets for a tour; or a fifty-guinea clock; or suits sufficient for a year; the fifty-guinea "plunge" (for nothing) in the Sports Coat Department of a great house; the twenty-guinea coat and skirt the hats by

and to be applied for, with a proper enclosure of cheques, as soon as the box-office is opened on May 18: address, Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.) will bear, as we have already hinted, a close relationship to the gifts. You buy your ticket, dress or cloak yourself, engage your table (if you are a party of anything from two to eight), enter to the strains of the Empire Theatre band, and feel as little like a competitor as you possibly can. There is no competition. You have your number and are in the lap of the gods—a lap that extends across the whole area of the Savoy, across the Restaurant, the Foyer, the Café Parisienne, the Winter Garden, and the Fore Court—a lap, that is, good enough for the best of waltzers and wide enough for the worst.

The Wheels of Chance, which (if Daimler is so good as to excuse a trying simile) will forthwith enter upon a 20-h.p. two-step all over the country, constitute the outstanding feature of an astonishing list. The car, let it be borne in mind, comes from the firm that has in the last few months supplied 1914 models to King George, to Queen Mary, to the Queen of Spain, to the King of Portugal, and to the Prince of Wales. The firm's experience, then, may pass; and the happy man who for his three guineas gets the car as well as the dance must be content to fall in with the preferences of royalty. The car will be on view at the Daimler offices in Pall Mall from to-day, the 13th of May; all the other prizes may be seen at the Savoy for fourteen days before the ball.—To sum up, you buy a ball ticket and, without further expense or trouble, have the chance of receiving a splendid gift.

WITH AND WITHOUT FRIENDS: SOCIETY AFOOT.



1. THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (LEFT) AND A FRIEND AFTER THE WELLESLEY-ASHTON WEDDING.
3. THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN AND LADY WINIFRED GORE, HER DAUGHTER, LEAVING AFTER THE WELLESLEY-ASHTON WEDDING.

The wedding of Lord Gerald Wellesley and Miss Dorothy Ashton took place recently at the old Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. Lord Gerald is the third son of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and is a Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, at present serving in the British Embassy at Constantinople.

2. THE HON. HELEN LEGH (IN THE CENTRE) WITH SOME FRIENDS OUT FOR A WALK IN ROTTEN ROW.
4. THE HON. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY AND HER DAUGHTER AFTER THE WELLESLEY-ASHTON WEDDING.

His bride is a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Ashton, of Croughton, Cheshire, and the Countess of Scarbrough. — The Hon. Helen Legh is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough. Before her marriage, last January, to Lord Newton's son and heir, the Hon. Richard Legh, she was the Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson.

Photographs by Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

A MAN for whom Royal visits and a Court season mean constant vigilance is Sir Edward Henry. His brisk figure and alert eye are the consolation of all the great personages, from Cabinet Ministers to State Coachmen, who have some reason to distrust the usages of the modern world. Motors and militants, Sir Edward finds, have added enormously to the responsibilities of the force. The anarchist, who always threatens awful things but seldom puts in an appearance, is bad enough, but the lady who keeps her word is worse. Sir Edward possesses in a high degree the qualifications for his post—an admirable and none too anxious manner, and the greatest readiness and coolness in an emergency. He is, at the same time, Extra Equerry to the King and Chief of Police, but in outward appearance it is the Equerry who prevails. Among the haunts of his leisure hours are Ranelagh, which is on no bobby's beat, and the Athenæum Club, where crimes have never been committed—save, possibly, in the dreams of slumbering professors.

The Social Map.

Whatever happens to Piccadilly, Carlton House Terrace retains its great place on the social map of the Metropolis. Apart from the Ritz, which altogether upsets the balance of localities, Piccadilly is, with one exception (provided by Lady Neumann at No. 146), unrepresented in the dance-lists. Carlton House Terrace, on the other hand (beginning with Lord Curzon's Ball at No. 1 on May 4), establishes a splendid record for brilliant and consistent hospitality. Lady Brownlow will fill it with conveyances on June 10, and Lord Revelstoke's dinner party and "small dance" the other day seemed to bring all London into its comparatively small compass. "Small dances" have, in much the same way, been filling Berkeley Square, which, like the Terrace, is still "alive."

"Pamela Glenconner."

Lady Glenconner has been twice obliged to change the date of her dance at 34, Queen Anne's Gate. In the first place, her invitations were for June 10; from the 10th she harked back to the 9th, and from the 9th has now gone forward to the 12th. Hers is one of the few dances that the Prime Minister can be persuaded to attend, and her dates are somewhat affected by his and other Ministerial engagements. The worries of "suspended mourning" and of relatives in the Cabinet do not, however, weigh too heavily. She still writes the gayest of verses,

and the little poem published the other night in the *Westminster* over the name of "Pamela Glenconner" shows that her interest in the season has as much to do with the flowers and birds at Wilsford as with any dates or dances in Queen Anne's Gate.



ENGAGED: MR. ARTHUR L. I. FRIEND AND MISS PHYLLIS HOYSTED.

Mr. Friend, of the 7th (Princess Royal) Dragoon Guards, is the son of the late Mr. James T. Friend, of Northdown, Thanet. Miss Hoysted is the daughter of Mr. John Hoysted, of Elvington Court, near Dover, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Gilliat Hatfield, of Morden Hall, Surrey. She is a debutante of the year, presented in March.—[Photographs by Sarony.]

Finding Time. The little crowd that gathers every day in the Dowdeswell Galleries for Sir Philip Burne-Jones's one-man exhibition is of many sorts. Sir Philip is no studio recluse. His excursions in Society are so constant that half the people he meets at luncheons and teas and dinners in Mayfair guess him to be no more than a dabbler in paints. The smart woman without wit who said to Mrs. Wharton, the wittiest of novelists, "How on earth do you find time to write books? I never can," has many sisters; and Sir Philip is often looked upon with wonder, not for his talents, but for his ingenuity in "finding time."

A Corner in Art. To many people who have only talked costumes with Sir Philip at fancy-dress balls,

or found him tolerably well informed about the business in hand at a race-meeting, or read his letters in the *Times*, or come across him book-hunting in Oxford Street, and, in consequence, thought of him as a man of many distractions, the strength of the exhibition comes as something of a surprise. The portrait of Lady Diana Manners in Spanish dress, of "Lord Rayleigh in His Laboratory," and some others have been seen at odd times and in various places, but the cumulative effect is fresh, and the "New York by Night" a revelation. Sir Philip—

the son, of course, of a much greater artist—got his training early. Indeed, his advantages as a small boy were manifold. Even when he was sent into the corner for a punishment he reaped the benefits of an exceptional parent, for Sir Edward Burne-Jones had decorated the penal place with drawings of strange beasts and good fairies.

Full Inside. Mr. Roosevelt now has a river of his own, though neither the ex-President nor Kermit, who was nearly drowned in its uncivilised rapids, is to give it a name. Mr. Roosevelt is not the only ex-President put into a sort of possession of great waters. During the summer preceding the end of his term, Mr. Taft, who is reputed to be one of the bulkiest of all Americans, used to bathe off Long Island. "President bathing—Ocean full," was the impromptu and unofficial placard put on the beach notice-board.



CALLED "THE WEALTHIEST TWINS IN ENGLAND": THE HON. JOHN ELLIS AND THE HON. BRONWEN MARY ELLIS, TWIN CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Lord Howard de Walden married Miss Margherita van Raalte in 1912, and his two children were born on Nov. 27 of that year. It may be remarked, by the way, that Lord Howard de Walden's "Dylan" is to be given during the forthcoming Beecham season at Drury Lane. It is described as a choric drama, by Josef Holbrooke and T. E. Ellis. Mr. T. E. Ellis is, of course, Lord Howard de Walden, and he it is who is responsible for the "book."—[Photograph by Central Press.]

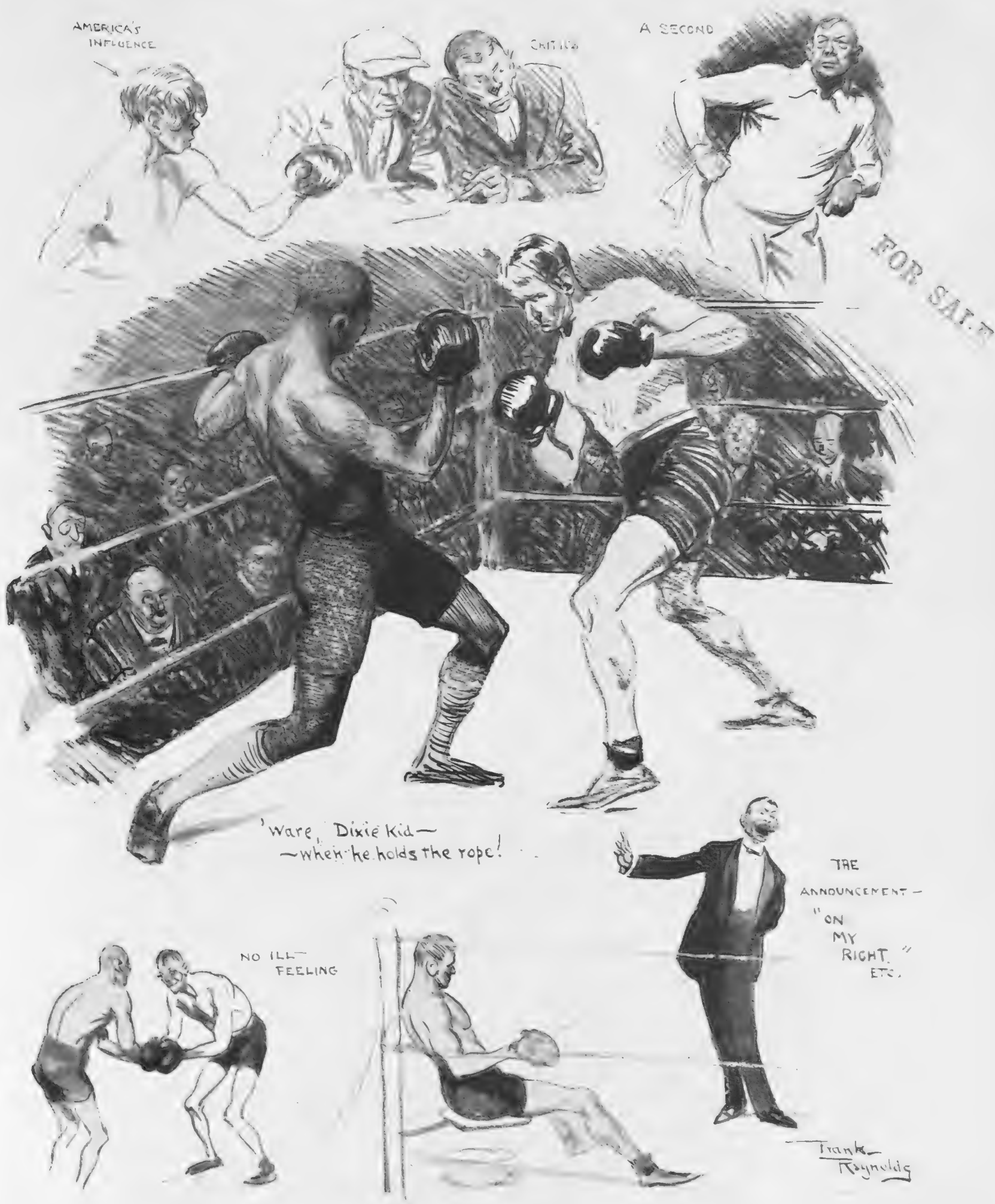


ENGAGED: MISS ELEANOR STELLA JEFFREYS AND MR. HAROLD CHARRINGTON.

Miss Jeffreys is the youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P., and of Mrs. Jeffreys, of Burkhams House, Alton, Hampshire. The family traces its descent from Tudor Trevor, a tenth-century chieftain, and the notorious Judge Jeffreys belonged to it. Mr. Charrington, of the 12th Lancers, is the only son of Mr. Spencer Charrington, of Winchfield, Hants.

Photographs by Bassano and Lafayette.

WHERE BLACK IS MATCHED AGAINST WHITE.



AT THE RING: FRANK REYNOLDS' SKETCHES OF MATCHES AT A VERY WELL-KNOWN LONDON BOXING RESORT.

This drawing was made to illustrate boxing at the Ring, but has gained additional interest from the fact that, amongst other things, it shows a black man matched against a white. This in view of the report that the match between the negro Sam Langford and the American Gunboat Smith, which was fixed to take place at Olympia, on June 30, has been cancelled as a result of statements made to the promoter by the Home Office. Lord Lonsdale, it appears, told Mr. Cochran

that he understood that there was a strong feeling at the Home Office against contests in which blacks oppose whites; thereupon Mr. Cochran saw the Home Office authorities and learnt that there is a distinct feeling against such matches, as they lead to the discussion of the question of black and white, and this is considered to be against public policy as being likely to do harm in the Empire. It is understood at the moment that the match may take place in France.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Covare" and "Valentine.")

WE are all of us told every day a dozen things which we ought to do, things which it would be good for us and for our future to do; we are also told more than a dozen things we ought not to do, things over which, if we persist in doing them, we run a risk, small or considerable. Most of us, I am afraid, whatever we intend, pay but little attention to our mentors. Take, for instance, the thousand instructions implicit in the recent discoveries about disease and germs and bacteria—I use all three words, let me hasten to add, with a layman's ignorance.

We run a risk, it would seem, every time we go into a restaurant. Restaurants wash their dishes and glasses and their knives and forks and spoons, wash them in the old-fashioned way or with new-fangled machinery, but they don't wash them so that they are chemically clean. Now as some enormous and disturbing percentage of the population suffers from one horrible and contagious disease or another, it is possible, even if it isn't probable, that we shall catch something. And yet—Well, like everyone else, I read all about the risks, but I pay no kind of attention to the matter. I continue to eat my meals without misgiving. Even I eat them in the wagon-restaurants of Continental trains, and they surely in these matters are the limit. Just look at the water in which the things are washed. One sees it sometimes as one passes through the kitchen part of the car—one can't help seeing it. Personally I avert my eyes—and forget it. What counts is the flavour of the food, and how good that can be only the habitual traveller on our English lines ever, perhaps, realises. Did anyone ever contract disease in a wagon-restaurant?

We take our children to a party. Their hair has become tumbled on the journey. A comb and a brush that a hundred other children have just used are employed on their precious heads. Now that is a scarlet sin. But does anything ever happen? A mother will use her own comb for her child's hair. A most improper proceeding. The hair of grown-up people has its own troubles. To invite those troubles for her child is ridiculous and criminal. Our friends come to see us and they use our brushes and combs, and we go to see them and we use theirs. . . . But why go on with the catalogue? It could be made to overlap this number of *The Sketch*. It is no doubt very unsatisfactory

from the strictly scientific point of view that we should all of us pay so little attention to what we are told; but nothing but a personal and unhappy lesson will teach us wisdom, and even a personal lesson we should forget in time. And isn't it as well? Would it be altogether or even at all a good thing if we went about our day's work and play with the constant fear of accident and of disease tugging at our nerves? On the face of it somebody or other ought to get run over every day or two in Piccadilly Circus, but people still cross, with more or less unconcern, to the Swan and Edgar corner. In America they carry forethought and prudence to the point of crossing a road only where there are islands to assist the pedestrian, and then only at an actual right-angle to the pavement. Such care repels the careless Englishman. One sees a man in a restaurant-car carefully cleaning his spoon and fork on his napkin. To what end? The process doesn't make them chemically clean. It may make them chemically less clean than before. We know how the Italian peasants tread out the grapes.

Admonition is all very well. Some of it sticks, I suppose, and I daresay that the men of science are satisfied if their counsels are obeyed in the spirit rather than in the letter. Life is made up of

risks. A continual preoccupation about these risks might, no doubt would, save a case of disease here and there, but the saving would be at a great cost. We have enough on our nerves. I remember once one of Cook's men telling me that nothing would induce him to travel on one of the *rapides* of a certain famous line. "I give you my word, Sir, I never come down to this station in the morning without expecting to hear there's been a smash. Why, they clear the line each way for half an hour every day and run the expresses one on top of another. They save money that way; it's easiest, too. There's bound to be an accident before long." The result of his words was that although, being of a venturesome nature, I continued to travel in those trains, I never, for years, slept a wink in them. If the train pulled up my heart leapt into my mouth. There arrived an accident, but not for more than a decade, and in the meantime my nervous friend had told me that he was no longer in fear as the Company had woken up to the risks they were running and had altered their system!



62984 Germany.
THOUGHT TO BE THE ONLY SPECIMEN OF THE BREED IN ENGLAND: A WHITE, ROUGH-HAIRED AUSTRIAN DACHSHUND.

The dog is the property of the Hon. Lady (Charles) Fitzwilliam. He is at present in quarantine at Woolwich. "Dachshund," by the way, means "badger-dog," a title fairly earned in Germany.

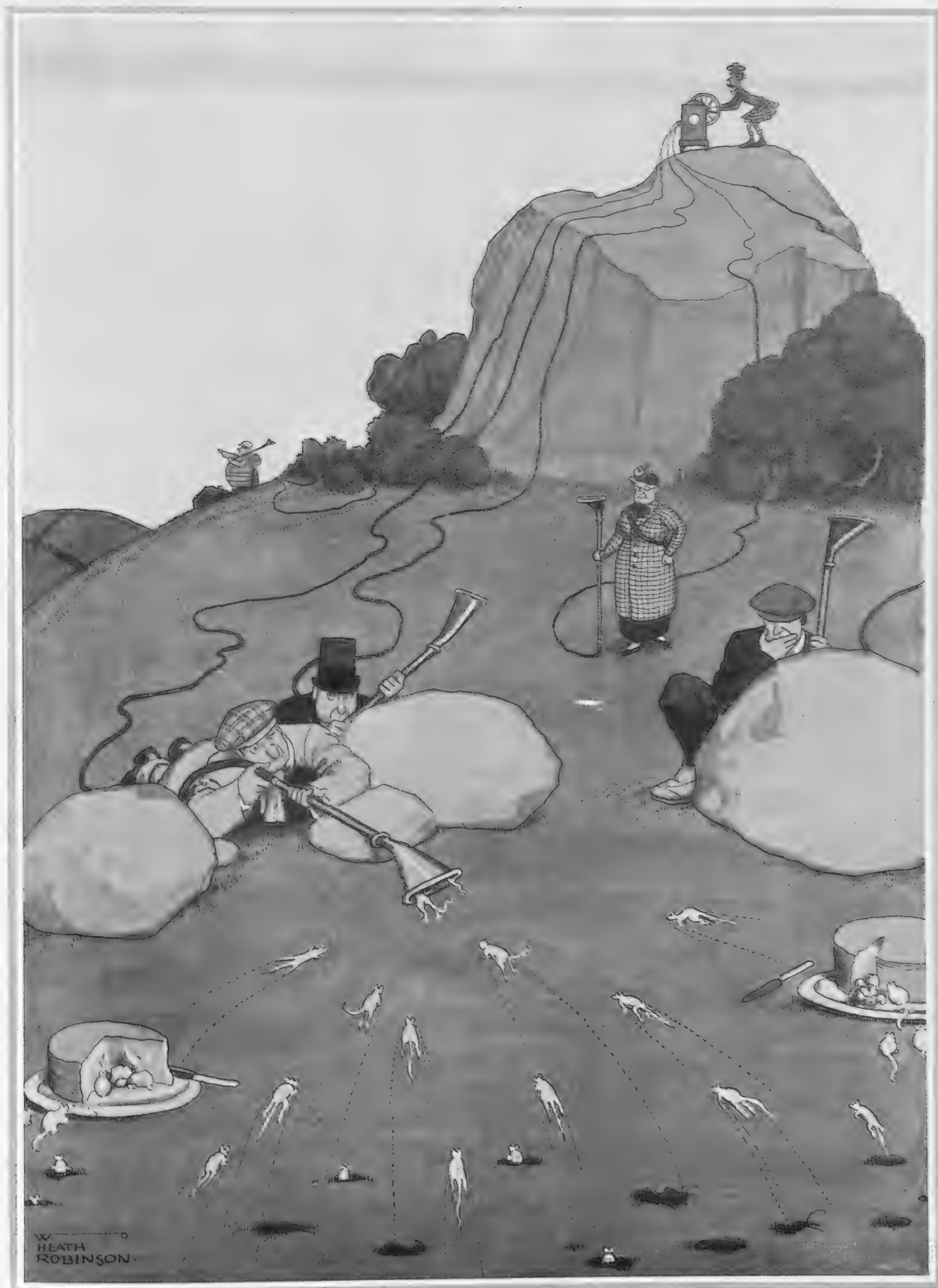
Photograph by Topical.



THE SUBJECT OF AN "AGONY," AND HIS OWNER: MISS YVONNE ARNAUD WITH THE EMBARRASSING PET SENT TO HER THE OTHER DAY.

In a recent "Times" appeared the following announcement: "Miss Yvonne Arnaud, Lyric Theatre, would be obliged by the anonymous donor of the strange animal which reached her yesterday informing her as to the diet upon which it thrives. The creature refuses to touch ordinary food." The "creature" is a lemur—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

"The Sketch" Supplement to the "Encyclopædia of Sport"!



I.—VACUUMMING WHITE MICE ON THE SCOTTISH MOORS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FOR SAT.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



THE VOGUE OF VULGARITY. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE little fellow sitting resignedly on a footstool fidgeted with his boots and yawned long and loud.

"Hush, my pet!" said mummy; "keep still a little longer—mummy is working."

He, proudly, "So am I!"

She, suspiciously, "Oh, you are? What are you working at?"

"I am being good!"

Now, repartee, that uncomfortable accomplishment, should not be encouraged in anyone—especially in children; but goodness (of the hard-to-practise order) cannot be rewarded too swiftly, and so the little man was taken to a cinematograph theatre. And I do not think it was good for him. I know it was very bad for his mummy. It made her sad. She sat and stared, and felt out of her epoch—is there any loneliness comparable with that? She saw that one of the great traditions that ennobled Life was indeed dead: that Beauty and Morality were no longer one, that ugliness was a great draw, that brutality was provocative of laughter—that while man's instruments had become perfect, his aim was just as crude; that this age was almost Elizabethan in its coarseness, without the frankness and the wit of that age; that whereas the wonderful feats of photography should have killed bad art, they had sometimes rendered bad art more effective. There is one wholesome instinctive faith, which is that what is good should be beautiful, and that instinct is disappearing.

Were angels to be conceived in our century I doubt that they would be good to look upon! Cinderella's wicked sisters were ugly; had Perrault been our contemporary, the ugly sisters would have been smart, and in a superficial way attractive women of the world—which would have been bad art because untrue. Attractive people are almost invariably charitably disposed toward the whole world—for they are satisfied with themselves, as the world is. The hunchback always had a reputation for malignity; it is most likely a just reputation. Consider how heavy on your soul must be the weight of a hump! Children dislike and distrust ugly people, and children are cruelly right in most things.

The cinematograph has a tremendous power; its means are marvels of science, it appeals to an immense and most emotional audience—the young and the uncultured. To exalt ugliness, to extract fun out of the grotesque, to present obesity as a joke

instead of as a disease, to intensify the futile, to preach the improbable, to install silliness—all this should be beneath the wonderful instrument the cinematograph has become, but in some cases, unfortunately, it is not.

Science is striding forward; and Art, out of breath, is lagging behind. Science shows you copies of the unique, reproductions themselves adorable of the things we worship—the sun, the sea, the mountain, the clouds, the forest full of shivers, the valley full of mysterious thoughts. Nature and Science in collaboration—and we have miracles. But when art steps in, the false and foolish art of too many of the films, we have farces without fun, comedy without subtlety, ridiculous drama, and the ever-complaisant coincidence acting as the fairy godmother of the cinematograph playwright.

It is a curious attitude of mind, that which debars such plays as Brieux's "Damaged Goods" from public performances, and allows such a film as one I saw recently to be shown to the guideless and guileless audience of the cinematograph theatre.

It was an American farcical film with the usual flirtatious and pretty young woman who is made love to by a mean and ugly-looking comic hero. No one has the right to exhibit his love except he who is immune from ridicule or vulgarity by his personal charm and nobility. Love is so lightly desecrated. The aforesaid amorous worm displays his penchant by pressing his ignoble sole under the table on the dainty shoe of the flirt opposite. How he is

bitten in the calf by her husband, how he pursues her in her bedroom, how he throws a book at the head of his amiable wife, how he is surrounded by the usual idiotic policemen insecure on their big feet—those and other exploits compose a film of fifteen minutes' duration which is supposed to instruct or to amuse the audience. Is it that anything is thought good enough for the young and the simple—for which, in reality, nothing can be good enough?

There was in the old Punch and Judy show an element of cruelty which was somewhat mitigated by the extreme ingenuousness of the spectacle. No babe believed in it! Punch was a wicked, improbable foreigner, who would, beside, be soundly punished in due time. It was brutal, but artless; while the cinema show is so wonderfully realistic that to laugh at a bully who throws things at his wife's head is to be a moral accomplice to a particularly hateful form of vulgarity.



THE NEW BRANCH OF THE FAMILY TREE—AND GRANDPAPA: MASTER ALEXANDER DENYS HERBERT PARSONS, SON OF MRS. ALAN PARSONS (MISS VIOLA TREE); AND SIR HERBERT TREE.—[Photograph by Central Press.]



SIR HERBERT TREE BECOMES A GRANDFATHER: A GROUP OUTSIDE TANDRIDGE CHURCH AT THE CHRISTENING OF THE FAMOUS ACTOR'S ELDEST DAUGHTER'S SON.

The infant son of Mrs. Alan Parsons (formerly Miss Viola Tree) was christened the other day at Tandridge Church, Surrey, by his paternal grandfather, the Rev. F. W. Parsons. He was given the names Alexander Denys Herbert. The sponsors were the Prime Minister, Sir James Barrie, Sir George Alexander, Lady Anglesey, and Lady Jekyll. The baby was presented at the font by the Duchess of Rutland. In the photograph (from left to right) are seen the baby and his nurse, Mr. Alan Parsons, Mrs. Alan Parsons, Lady Tree, Lady Diana Manners, the Duchess of Rutland, the Rev. F. W. Parsons, Sir George Alexander, and Sir Herbert Tree.—[Photograph by C.N.]

A MAN OF REGULAR HABITS.



THE WORKING - MAN : Seen a man 'arf-seas-over chucked out o' 'ere to-day, Miss ?
MISS : No.
THE WORKING - MAN : Wonder where old Bill's got to then !

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



DID YOU THINK IT WAS A GAME?—WAR!*

Here is War. Here is war, naked, bloated, blotched with blood. The screams of women are the echoes of the shriek of shells. There are dreadful things upon the roads and in the fields and ditches, limp and twisted. Odd, awful bodies drip life into the gutters. Flies hover horribly and crows are on the wing. Crops are flat under foot. Cottage and house are smoking ashes. The invaders are passing over the land, locusts khaki and red. Foulness is in the air, in the streets. Man has become beast, filthy, dulled to the decencies. Did you think war was a game? And all this because a people was ignorant and unready: that a ruler might wield greater power and soldiers might reap the honours that follow victory—each step in rank, each medal-clasp, witness to the death, the torture, of many.

The Landing. It began suddenly and subtly. It is always so with tragedy. Rafael Brun saw the landing. "The beach and the flat grass plain which made the foreshore were full of men in khaki. These men were running and stopping and running on again. Occasionally they dropped down upon their bellies and fired off raking volleys. The sound their rifles made was like the tearing of very obstinate and very tough packing-cloth. It was shrill, piercing, edgy." Men on the hills replied;

in that direction; also it was to cover the northern column from western and southern attack. The northern column was for the capital." A village stood in the path, heavy and sleepy. A cyclist rode into it rapidly, yelling a warning none would believe until another came and "a frenzy of rifle-fire ripped the air below." Defending troopers dashed in, dust-stained, sweating. The engagement was short—nine minutes—but the grey old houses gaped with wounds. Afterwards, "across the road hung the woman who had been flung across her own gate-post. Nobody had thought to move her yet, for she was dead. Her skirt trailed down like a bundle of dirty clothes. Her feet rested on the ground, her ankles had sagged over sideways like the ankles of a marionette." The bullet cannot choose. A dead hussar lay near by; men kicked against the corpse as they passed. A soldier propped himself against a wall, his breast raw red. The stricken twisted grotesquely. In the church were rows and rows of the injured. Between them others moved continually. "Some of these were stretcher-bearers shuffling along with yet more men to lay on the straw. Others were white-coated and feverish-looking dressers. The hands of these were clutching lumps of cotton wool, their pockets bulged with lint and sublimate bottles. Always, too, along the passages, darted surgeons, their white coats hideously bedabbled, their bare arms bloody



M. D'AILLIÈRES FIRING INTO THE GROUND AND M. CAILLAUX FIRING INTO THE AIR: THE DUEL BETWEEN THE EX-FINANCE MINISTER OF FRANCE AND HIS OPPONENT AT THE RECENT GENERAL ELECTION.

M. Caillaux, ex-Finance Minister and ex-Premier of France, whose wife shot and killed M. Calmette, editor of the "Figaro," fought a duel almost immediately after his re-election to the Chamber of Deputies the other day, with M. d'Aillières, whom he defeated at the General Election, considering himself insulted by a letter his opponent wrote to the electors

after the poll. The duel took place in the Parc des Princes, on the outskirts of Paris, at 5 p.m. The principals stood some twenty-seven yards apart, and were allowed one shot each. M. d'Aillières fired at the ground; M. Caillaux into the air. After this, the opponents raised their hats to one another; but there was no reconciliation.—[Photograph by Branger.]

the noise of their firing was like the voice of an irate woman. Shrapnel filled the sky with soft, woolly puff-balls. The guns of the war-ships sowed the green hills with the spattering seed of death. Infantry, cavalry, artillery came across the waters, methodically disgorged by a great machine. News came to the General by telephone, chiefly from an observer in a captive balloon six hundred feet above his head. He followed his trade, tabulated, clerked down his points like any accountant busy with a company's books. The face of cliffs crumbled away as the field-batteries spoke; a villa shivered, gushed smoke, sank down, and showed a flame; the ground was torn; trees were brought down; a snapping rush of men: the position was taken. "On the sea between the shore and the ships increasing numbers of laden boats were moving. They looked like a swarm of beetles making eagerly for a rich dead body. The waters were black with these avid legions of the invading army."

The Village in the Path. The advance began. Wireless, heliograph, telegraph ordered it all, linked mind and men. The General was clothed dingily; "his gestures were commonplace and trite. He was without the shining harness of war." But he knew his trade, and the victory was to the best tradesman. The advance went on. Three army corps marched by three roads, the sun tipping their arms with flame. "That one to the south was bent upon aiming a smashing blow at the southern industrial cities and tracts. The one to the west was to do the same

to the elbow." So soldier and civilian suffered and died; and the advance went on. There was a little affairs of outposts: three field-labourers fell: one stumbled, sank to his knees, and slid down quite quietly; "one went up in the air and a little sidelong, as though a cudgel had hit him and tossed him upward. He came down in frantic spread-eagle. His arms and legs were flung apart grotesquely. . . . The other fellow winced rather than leapt. . . . He ran a few paces with sagged and drunken knees. His whole frame bowed and fell inward. Then he fell down and crawled. . . . The sight was degrading."

The End. All that was as nothing. The general engagement was a hell few devils could imagine. After it came rout. Do you remember that of Lule Burgas? The people fell back to the county town. That was allowed. The more the mouths, the sooner the place must yield to the besiegers. There were fighting for bread and patient starvation, demoralisation, the stench of disease, corruption of the air by the dead, the suffering of the hurt and of the unhurt, the moan of bullets, the sinister swish of shells, everything unclean, even the dogs become pariahs feeding where they might. And about: gangrenous desolation, villages made heaps of festering refuse, drunkenness, and rape.—Here is war, the truth that is seldom told. Did you think it was a game? "War" will change you. Mr. Newton's work must do much for Peace. We have read nothing so convincing since Ole Luk Oie's "Green Curve." That, surely is a considerable compliment.

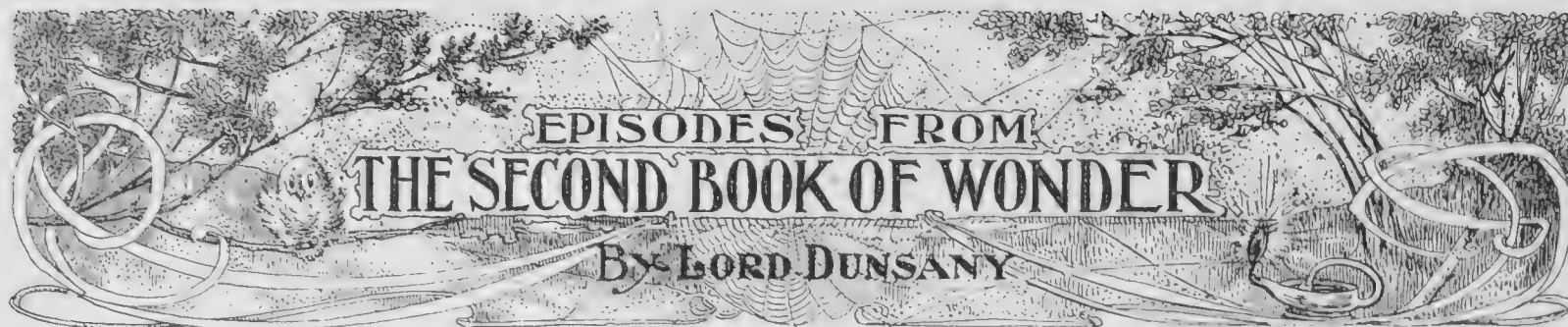
* "War!" By W. Douglas Newton. (Methuen; 2s. net)

BRAIN - STORM ! WHY NOT GIRLS ON MAG. COVERS ?



A REAL NOVELTY FOR THE MAGAZINES! AN IDEA GIVEN AWAY!

DRAWINGS BY G. S. SHERWOOD.



Ladies and gentlemen! readers of earlier episodes from the Book of Wonder, to whom I promised I should appear again when my caravans returned from the Edge of the World—the pages rustle in the Books of Wonder: you are about to see six further episodes. From those pages first escapes the Bad Old Woman in Black on her infamous errand beyond the Street of the Ox-butchers. Next you shall learn how there was a son to Thangobrind, how his name was Neepey Thang, and how he would have practised his father's arts. The Long Porter's Tale shall be told you. Then you shall learn how the Gods of Loma laughed when all was lost, and wagged their emerald tongues. Almost you shall be told the Secret of the Sea. And lastly you shall learn how Ali came, with the seal that good men know, and saw the Black Country and returned to Persia. Indeed, in the next six weeks you shall learn things that all London cannot tell you.

EPISODE I.—THE BAD OLD WOMAN IN BLACK.

THE bad old woman in black ran down the street of the ox-butchers.

Windows at once were opened high up in those crazy gables; heads were thrust out: it was she. Then there arose the counsel of anxious voices, calling sideways from window to window or across to opposite houses. Why was she there with her sequins and bugles and old black gown? Why had she left her dreaded house? On what fell errand she hastened?

They watched her lean, lithe figure, and the wind in that old black dress, and soon she was gone from the cobbled street and under the town's high gateway. She turned at once to her right and was hid from the view of the houses. Then they all ran down to their doors, and small groups formed on the pavement; there they took counsel together, the eldest speaking first. Of what they had seen they said nothing, for there was no doubt it was she; it was of the future they spoke, and the future only.

In what notorious thing would her errand end? What gains had tempted her out from her fearful home? What brilliant but sinful scheme had her genius planned? Above all, what future evil did this portend? Thus at first it was only questions. And then the old grey-beards spoke, each one to a little group; they had seen her out before, had known her when she was younger and had noted the evil things that had followed her goings: the small groups listened well to their low and earnest voices. No one asked questions now or guessed at her infamous errand, but listened only to the wise old men who knew the things that had been, and who told the younger men of the dooms that had come before.

Nobody knew how many times she had left her dreaded house; but the oldest recounted all the times that they knew, and the way she had gone each time, and the doom that had followed her going; and two could remember the earthquake that there was in the street of the shearers.

So were there many tales of the times that were, told on the pavement near the old green doors by the edge of the cobbled street, and the experience that the aged men had bought with their white hairs might be had cheap by the young. But from all their experience only this was clear, that never twice in their lives had

she done the same infamous thing, and that the same calamity twice had never followed her doings. Therefore it seemed that means were doubtful and few for finding out what thing was about to befall; and an ominous feeling of gloom came down on the street of the ox-butchers. And in the gloom grew fears of the very worst.

This comfort they only had when they put their fears into words—that the doom that followed her doings had never yet been anticipated. One feared that with magic she meant to move the moon; and he would have dammed the high tide on the neighbouring coast, knowing that as the moon attracted the sea the sea must attract the moon, and hoping by his device to humble her spells. Another would have fetched iron bars and clamped them across the street, remembering the earthquake there was in the street of the shearers. Another would have honoured his household gods, the little cat-faced idols seated above his hearth, gods to whom magic was no unusual thing, and, having paid their fees and honoured them well, would have put the whole case before them. His scheme found favour with many, and yet at last was rejected, for others ran indoors and brought out their gods, too, to be honoured, till there was a herd of gods all seated there on the pavement; yet would they have honoured them and put their case before them but that a fat man ran up last of all, carefully holding under a reverent arm his own two hound-faced gods, though he knew well—as, indeed, all men must—that they were notoriously at war with the little cat-faced idols. And although the animosities natural to faith had all been lulled by the crisis, yet a look of anger had come in the cat-like faces that no one dared disregard, and all perceived that if they

stayed a moment longer there would be flaming around them the jealousy of the gods; so each man hastily took his idols home, leaving the fat man insisting that his hound-faced gods should be honoured.

Then were there schemes again and voices raised in debate, and many new dangers feared and new plans made.

But in the end they made no defence against danger, for they knew not what it would be, but wrote upon parchment as a warning and in order that all might know: "The bad old woman in black ran down the street of the ox-butchers."

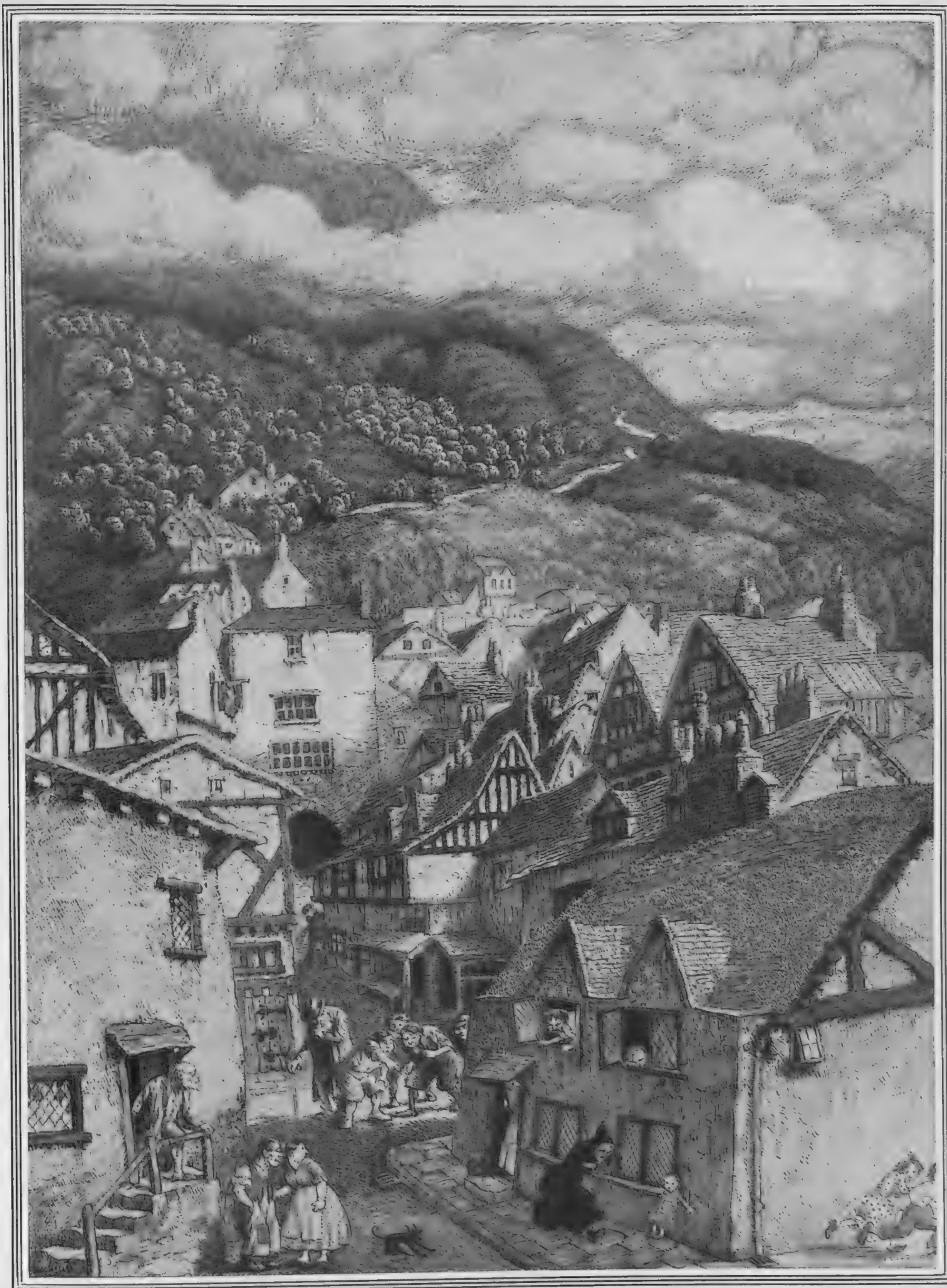
THE END.



THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER":
LORD DUNSANY.

Photograph by Hoppe.

SIME ILLUSTRATES "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."



"THE BAD OLD WOMAN IN BLACK": AN EPISODE FROM "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER," BY LORD DUNSANY.

"The bad old woman in black ran down the street of the ox-butchers. . . . Windows at once were opened high up in those crazy gables; heads were thrust out; it was she. Then there arose the counsel of anxious voices, calling sideways from window to window or across to opposite houses. Why was she there with her sequins and bugles and old black gown? Why had she left her dreaded house? On what fell errand she hastened?"

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

A FEARSOME FOURSOME.



THE BOGEY BUNKERS: A NEW SYSTEM FOR GOLF COURSES.

The advantages of this system are—the club profits by all the fines, and the members profit by never losing a ball, all natural bunkers being entirely abolished.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE ROOF-STAND: A HINT TO CRICKET CLUBS.

Our Artist illustrates an ingenious device by which cricket clubs could obtain bigger gates without going to the expense of enlarging the ground.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



ADVICE!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE FAIR SURVIVOR (as she recognises the ship's barber): Thank goodness!
Have you got such a thing as a hair-net on you?

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.



ON THE LINKS

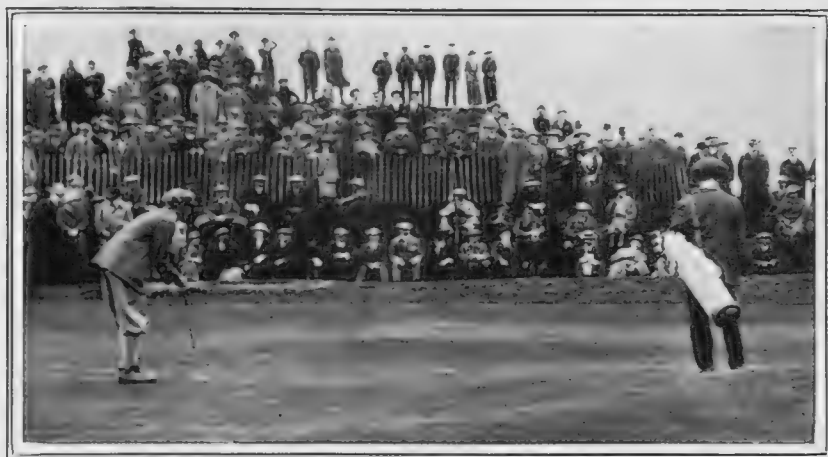


THE LADIES AT HUNSTANTON: THE DUFFER ELEMENT AND THE QUESTION OF QUALIFICATION.

The Ladies' Championship.

We are now in the full whirl of the championship period, and it is such a whirl as never was. This week the Ladies' Championship is going on at Hunstanton, and by Friday night there will be a new lady champion of the game, or one of the old ones—perhaps the reigning

either of the masculine or feminine class, should not be allowed to play. The duffer is not in the championship only for his or her own possible, if very doubtful, glorification, but is there also unofficially to give a breathing-space for the potential champions in the early rounds, and also occasionally to provide really big thrills for the spectators and headlines for the newspapers by beating them. We pretend that we are very sorry, that something ought to be done to prevent such things happening, and we know that these accidents, by removing the best-known and most skilful players from the competition, spoil it for the remaining time; but it is the plain fact that the golfing public loves nothing better than to see a favourite getting beaten by an outsider, and vice, in the matter of method, being screechingly triumphant over virtue. The spectators and the critics go out on to the course as hungry as wolves for the slaughter of the favourites.



PUTTING STYLE: MR. OUIMET ON THE FOURTH GREEN AT SUNNINGDALE. Mr. Francis Ouimet, the American Open Golf Champion, is over here—as every golfer knows. Photograph by P.I.C.

As to a Limitation.

Perhaps these things do not occur so frequently in the Ladies' Championships as in the men's variety, and that is easily accountable for by the fact that what might be called the second division of the first class in the former is far less formidable than it is in the latter. Anyhow, there is the important question, which is sure to come up sooner or later, as to whether some kind of a playing qualification should not be demanded from each candidate for the event which is going on this week at Hunstanton. At present anybody may play, even if she has never seen a golf-course before. Sometime it will be decided that only lady golfers with an L.G.U. handicap of 4 or less will be allowed to play, and the championship will be all the better for it, for all those with a sporting chance will still be in the lists, and the competition will be rendered much more compact and intelligible. For all the improvement that has taken place in the quality of ladies' golf in recent times, I do not think that anything like as large a proportion of players have risen to first-class rank, or even to the top of the second class, as should have done. After she gets to the middle stage in golf, the average girl shows an uncommonly strong tendency to remain there. Of all the very young girls who have begun to play in recent years, only two or three—notably Miss Gladys Bastin and Miss Winifred Martin Smith—have come out from the ruck and given promise of becoming champions in the future. However, perhaps, after all, the Ladies' Championship is quite keen and strenuous enough for anything. It is a pleasant, smooth, well-managed affair, and is an agreeable preliminary to the greater events of the season. —HENRY LEACH.

one—will be reinvested with the full honours of ladies' golf. That part of public opinion that concerns itself with these matters seems to be fairly solid for a repetition of a previous victory. It is to be Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, or Miss Muriel Dodd, so it is said; and if there are several other players who are capable of doing golf as well as these girls do it for just a round or two, it is the plain truth that none has earned such a well-deserved reputation for high quality combined with what is nearly as valuable—consistency; sometimes far more valuable. After these three, there are perhaps a dozen others who come near to them, and might beat them sometimes—such as Miss Teacher (a young lady of sharp moods and quick inspirations in the matter of her golf), Miss May Leitch, Miss Bertha Thompson, Miss Elsie Kyle, Miss Barry, Miss Neill Fraser, Miss Lily Moore, Miss Stella Temple, Miss Gladys Bastin, Mrs. Cautley, and so on. Between the players of this class and the rest there is a wide gulf fixed, and it is the plain truth that a large proportion of the competitors in the Ladies' Championship would have no chance of winning even if a local earthquake occurred every time their opponents tried to play a shot.



PUTTING STYLE: THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT LOOKING AT THE LINE OF HIS BALL.

Mr. Scott, who was born in 1878, son of the Earl of Eldon, won the French Amateur Championship in 1912. He has won the Australian Amateur Championship four times; and the Open Championship twice. Photograph by C.N.

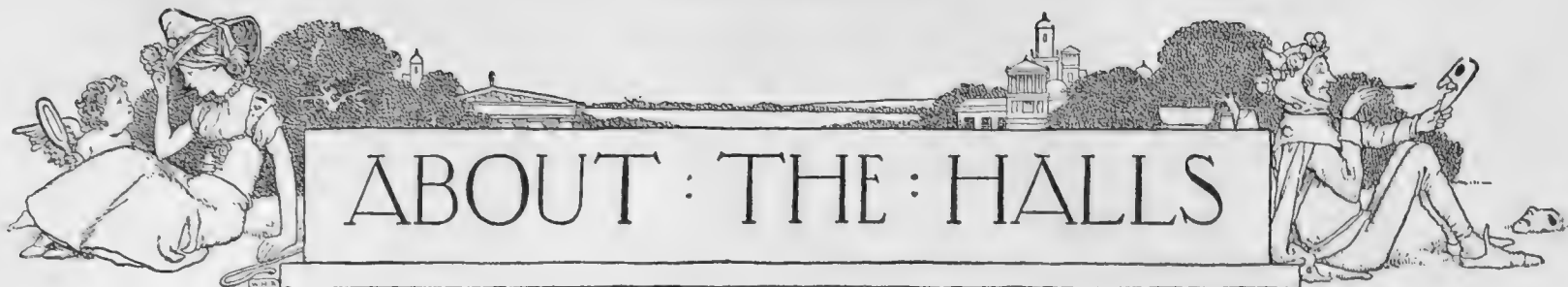
To Those Who Have No Chance.

At some places they are better than others, but generally, as might be expected, the sociabilities at the Ladies' Championship are excellent and most enjoyed. At any cost these must be preserved, and we have no desire to see the Ladies' Championship degenerate atmospherically to the state of the prize-fight; while there is a possibility that many ladies who are of importance to the occasion would not attend the meeting if they were not allowed to play in the big event. I doubt whether in all these cases these ladies, possessed of so much personal charm and social capacity as they are, consult their own dignity quite as well as they may think they do when they come forward in the big competition in this manner; but never mind that. A certain amount of the duffer element is always a good thing in a championship entry, because the strain of play between people of the highest class all the time would be too great—and it would be too dull also, since the possibility of the production of a real surprise would be removed. That point may be overlooked when it is so often said that the duffer,



PUTTING STYLE: MR. OUIMET WATCHING MR. HILTON HOLE OUT ON THE LAST GREEN.

Mr. Hilton has won the Amateur Championship four times; the Open Championship twice; the Irish Open Amateur Championship four times; and, in 1911, became Amateur Champion of America. Photograph by C.N.



THE LATEST SHOWS AT THE ALHAMBRA, THE VICTORIA PALACE, AND THE PAVILION.

THERE can be but little doubt that in "Not Likely" the management of the Alhambra have been successful in producing a revue that is destined to run a long time. Crowded houses are again the order of the evening, and all seems to be going well. The new piece is the work of Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, combined with a heap of musical composers, and, so far as can be seen, only requires a little time for settling down and for brisking up to become exactly what is required nowadays. Many old favourites are to be found included in the cast, amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. Robert Hale and Miss Carlotta Mossetti and Miss Phyllis Monkman; while it has been completed by the addition of the names of Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Connie Ediss. The piece roams from Deauville to New York, and back again to Selfridge's; it toys with all sorts of ins-and-outs of modern life;

it provides some excellent dancing, some capable singing, and some good burlesque. Scene VIII. is undoubtedly one of its most popular features. It represents "Fifty Years of Songs," and in it are portrayed Dan Leno and other lions comiques, living and dead, going through their old historic turns in the old accustomed manner. Many and varied are the songs they sing, but they all call up the pleasantest recollections of the past, and are all greeted with exhilaration by their hearers. Another feature which reaped instantaneous success was the beautiful Spring setting in which a dance by M. Claude Debussy is performed by Mr. Morrison, Miss Mossetti, and Miss Monkman with excellent effect. The costumes are beautifully designed for this little ballet, and the dancing is first-rate. Mr. Hale will in due time work up his part and warm to his task, but even now his burlesque of "Mr. Wu," which he performs with Miss Gerard, is eminently diverting, as are also his contributions to the music-hall songs of long ago. Altogether the piece may be hailed as a sure success. The mounting is superb, and the general performance by the cast is as good as can be. A very novel feature is the scene in which, by means of sloping footways, the stage is filled from top to bottom by a gaily dressed chorus. This goes very well, as, indeed, does the whole entertainment.

The Complete Conjuror.

One evening last week I went to the Victoria Palace, where, as usual, I found a crowded house. The programme was long and varied, and included Whit Cunliffe, the "bright and breezy comedian," whose songs were evidently very much to the taste of the house; and the Great Wieland, "the Ambidexterous Humourist," who succeeded in evoking shrieks of laughter from beginning to end of his performance. But the chief attraction was undoubtedly Ching Ling Soo, "The World's Greatest Conjuror," who kept the audience

firmly seated until after half-past eleven. Whether this particular Chinese conjurer is really a Chinaman or not I am not prepared to say, but he carefully abstains from speaking any English throughout his entertainment, and when any communication to the spectators is necessary an undoubted Chinaman is employed for the purpose. Ching Ling Soo is certainly a master of his art, and provides an entertainment which is really fascinating in its skill and completeness. His show is run upon very ambitious lines. He has heaps of assistants and several sets of Oriental scenery, and he stays silent and unperturbed through absolutely dumfounding happenings. His apparatus is all very complete, and is produced by his assistants in a twinkling from nowhere in particular. From shells and other contrivances he produces ladies and men in bewildering numbers, and all the while there is a grim humour in his silence which is

eminently taking. Things appear from nowhere, and disappear to nowhere in a moment. Hosts of oranges are produced from nothing, and are deftly distributed to the audience by the conjurer. A thing has only to be placed in the convenient receptacle to change instantaneously to something else. A watch is tied up in a handkerchief and beaten violently upon a table, to appear a few seconds later in the middle of a loaf of bread bound up in several pieces of paper. All these feats the audience eagerly watches, unmindful of the time, and accords Ching Ling Soo the heartiest of applause at the conclusion of his turn, which may be considered as one of the most successful of its kind.



"I BURN TO SENSE THE PERFUME OF THY HAIR": MISS NANCY PRICE AS MARY MAGDALENE AND MR. C. M. HALLARD AS BARABBAS IN "THE HOLY CITY," AT THE COMEDY.

Biblical subjects now being permitted on the stage in this country, Miss Nancy Price was able to produce, for three special matinées at the Comedy Theatre, Mr. Thomas W. Broadhurst's Scriptural drama, "The Holy City." She herself played Mary Magdalene; Mr. C. M. Hallard was Barabbas; Mr. Norman McKeown, Peter; Mr. Frank Randell, John; Mr. Sydney Valentine, Judas; Mr. H. Hewetson, Pilate; and Miss Madge McIntosh, Martha.

In Piccadilly Circus.

I found a well-filled house at the Pavilion last week, the spectators all apparently enjoying the entertainment provided for them to the full. And the programme was undoubtedly a good one. Reinhardt's "The Daring of Diane" still retained its place in the bill; and, in addition, there were Mr. Harry Tate (calling forth shouts of laughter by his "screaming absurdity" called "Fishing"), the omnipresent and omnipotent Cinquevalli, and the bright and clever Miss Violet Lorraine. A turn that was new to me was provided by Mr. George Carvey, "The Anglo-French Baritone, from the Adelphi Theatre," and Miss Dolly McCalla, who appeared in a little operetta called "The Record Girl." Mr. Carvey sings very well, and Miss McCalla has a good voice and a neat sense of humour. They sing a variety of songs capitalily, and are assisted in their operations by the presence of a gramophone. The plot of the "operetta" is a negligible thing, but it is quite sufficient for its purpose, and enables the couple to go through their singing with complete advantage. Suffice it to say that the turn was evidently enjoyed by the audience of the evening.

ROVER.



THE GYROSCOPIC CAR: CRITICISMS AND QUERIES: THE BAN ON LADY DRIVERS IN TRIALS.

What of the Gyroscopic?

That there are possibilities in the gyroscope, as applied to vehicular locomotion, no one would deny, and the experiments of Mr. Louis Brennan several years ago, as applied to a large structure of the tramway type, were viewed with no small degree of interest. While disclaiming any desire, however, to indulge in stupid scepticism as to something that is new, I am constrained to ask what good purpose the gyroscopic principle will serve as applied to motor-vehicles? The run through London streets the other day of Dr. Pierre Schilowsky's three-ton car was convincing enough as a demonstration of the fact that a vehicle could be run at slow speed on two wheels instead of four, and for the sake of argument we may assume that similar results may be attained when the gyroscopic principle is applied to something more akin in size and weight to the ordinary car. The vital question none the less remains—in what way is a two-wheeled car going to be superior to any of the conventional type?

Two Wheels v. Four. There is no immediately obvious virtue in the single-track machine. Very little could be saved in width, as the passengers must be provided for, so that the only gain would be that of the width of the mudguards. The fact that two tyres only would be required in lieu of four is hardly worth considering, for inevitably those on a gyroscopic car would have to sustain a double pressure, and take the wear of four, which means that they must be built very much more robustly, and would suffer in resilience accordingly. On the question of side-slip one may keep an open mind, and meanwhile may assume that the gyroscope might even improve matters in this respect, though the assumption is somewhat liberal. There remains, however, a consideration of very great importance, and that is control at high speed. An ordinary bicycle will run the straighter the faster it is propelled. Will experience show that the gyroscope does not introduce an alien factor and make steering more difficult than if the fitting were absent altogether? Balance is one thing, but steering is quite another.

The Turning of Corners. And even if no difficulty should disclose itself as to the keeping of a straight line, the question of approaching corners opens up a further doubt. There is no drawback to motoring, or even cycling, in England so great as the tortuous nature of our highways; and what one requires to know is whether the driver of a gyroscopic car would be able to get round a sharp bend as easily as the man in control of an ordinary car. I raise these points because I have a lively

recollection of the qualities of the beetle-shaped Wolseleys which competed several years ago in the Gordon-Bennett and other races. They had horizontal fly-wheels, and the effect of the gyroscopic action

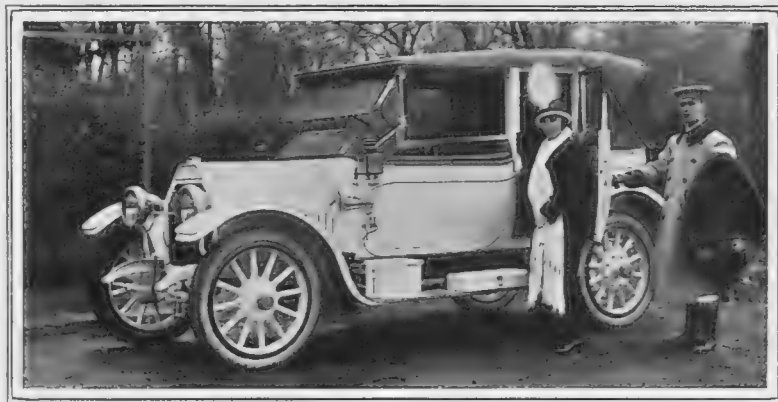
of the latter was such as to make the cars the most difficult to steer of any that were ever built. Girling was said to be the only man that could drive one of them, and Mr. Charles Jarrott tells me that his mechanic, Bianchi, a skilled driver, positively could not handle the car they used in the Homburg race. It may be rejoined, of course, that the gyroscopic action in this instance was not proportionately designed to meet the case, being only, indeed, an incidental factor of the equipment, as the fly-wheel was made to suit the engine without any other consideration being taken into account. For the sake of the single-track car, if it is to have a future, one must hope

that this argument applies, and that the gyroscopic vehicle may be proved to be as handy at corners as any other; but in the light of the only experience that is available, one is obliged to

voice some measure of speculative doubt in advance and leave the new device to justify itself. With the gyroscope, as with nearly all other inventions, one has to examine closely not merely the primary purpose of the innovation (which, as a matter of fact, is often fulfilled), but to see what it may introduce in the way of undesirable features that are not possessed by the thing which it seeks to displace.

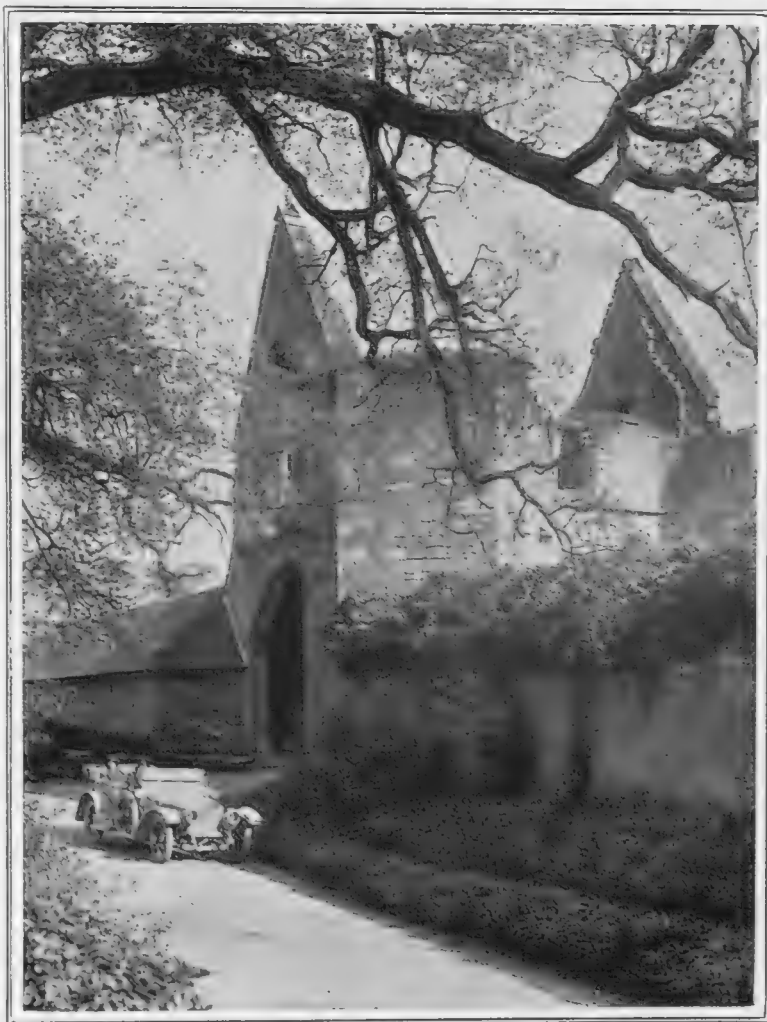
Lady Drivers and Public Trials. It is now so long since the Royal Automobile Club declined to admit lady drivers to reliability trials that the ban had been forgotten; hence its renewal on the eve of the Light Car Trial came as an unwelcome surprise to entrants who had intended to entrust their cars to pilots of the fair sex. As a general principle there is much to be said in favour of exclusion, but here it seemed unwise. After having been through the Light Car Trial itself, I am confirmed in that opinion. True it is that the contest involved a good deal of hard work, but if any entrant chose to select a lady who was not robust enough for the task the responsibility would be his own. What is essential to the situation is that there is a big demand for light cars from ladies, and one can rarely take a drive along a main road without seeing two-seaters with lady drivers and

passengers as well. The maker who possesses, therefore, a practical and easily handled light car is naturally anxious to demonstrate its suitability to the wants of the weaker sex—an object which would have been strikingly attained if any of the competing vehicles in last week's contest had come through with a non-stop record in the hands of a lady.



A WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY'S WIFE AND HER CAR: MRS. E. WHEATLEY ENTERING HER WHITE BEDFORD-BUICK.

Photograph by Randle.



TAKEN DURING A RUN ROUND THE MIDLANDS: A 16-20-H.P. WOLSELEY SPORTING MODEL AT MAYSTOKE PRIORY, WARWICKSHIRE.



THE whereabouts of the Season are more or less determined. Late-comers are still arriving, but the housing question in nearly all cases is settled. Everybody knows who is and who is not to be his neighbour. Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie have, at the last moment, taken 13, Hill Street; and Lord and Lady Dunedin

are spending the season at 13, Cheyne Place. Baron and Baroness de Forest are back in Spencer House, St. James's Place; Lord and Lady Monkswell have taken 24, Buckingham Gate. The Earl and Countess of Pembroke are again settled in Chesterfield Gardens; and Lord Howard of Glossop is back at 35, Cadogan Square. There would seem to be no new fashion in thoroughfares: convenience



TO MARRY ON MAY 21: MR. VICTOR FLOWER AND MISS WINIFRIDE PIGOTT.

Miss Pigott is the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Pigott, of The Lodge, Sheringham, Norfolk. Her father was for some time Comptroller of His Majesty's Stationery Office and Printer to His Majesty of all Acts of Parliament. Mr. Flower is the son of the late Sir W. H. Flower, K.C.B., F.R.S., Director of the Natural History branch of the British Museum, and of Lady Flower, of Stanhope Gardens.

Photographs by Lafayette.

makes the same rules of the road as before. The change in the season, in so far as there is change, lies in a greater restlessness. Nobody seems to be in town for good, and the movements of the great world are more and more complex. Lord Willoughby de Broke, for instance, could have read on the morning after his speech in the Lords that he had just left Compton Verney for Paris.

The Hardships of May.

May has put an end to matrimony. "Hullo, here's a church! Let's have a wedding!" is a gallant invitation no longer heard in Hanover Square or Brompton. Next month, on the other hand, is to be a month of marriages, and many households are preparing for a great

day in June. But thanks, surely, are due to the few couples who are confident enough in themselves to defy the evil chances of a ceremony this week or the next. They uphold the rights of man and woman against Old Moore and other tyrants of the calendar. There is, fortunately, no forbidden time for courtship, and though weddings and wedding guests have practically disappeared from the columns of the daily papers, more than one important engagement is brewing and will be announced in the course of a few days.

"A Six-Foot Distance, Please."

The wounded Sargent belongs, not to the painter or to the friends and admirers who commissioned it, but to Mr. Henry James himself. It was handed over to him several months ago, and shown at the time to subscribers in Mr. Sargent's studio in Tite Street. At that private view Mr. Henry James did the honours. "It's a six-foot distance," he explained, guiding visitors to the 'vantage-point. To his devotion for his friend's work and his solicitude that it should be seen at its best was added the joy of personal possession. Many years ago Mr. Sargent had made him a pencil drawing, bearded and severe; but the presentation portrait was the only one of its sort in existence. The pity is that Mr. Henry James was unable to insist permanently on that "six-foot distance."

Beauty and the Vote.

Mrs. "Freddie" Cavenish Bentinck, who was one of the most interested observers of the Lords during their debate on the Suffrage Bill, is a keen supporter of the women's movement. But she is a Suffragette who has to wear her badge very prominently when she wants to establish her convictions. The caricaturists have so impressed the public with their version of the wild and dowdy rebels that a lovely agitator has to fly her colours in all directions before anyone believes in her.



MARRIED THE OTHER DAY: MR. F. GORDON LOWE, THE FAMOUS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, AND MRS. F. GORDON LOWE.

The wedding of Mr. F. Gordon Lowe and Mrs. Harry Laverton took place on May 4, at the Kensington Registry Office. Mr. Lowe, who was born in 1884, is the eldest son of Sir Francis Lowe, Member (C.) for the Edgbaston Division of Birmingham since 1898. Mrs. Lowe is the daughter of the late Mr. Manley Sims.

Photograph by Sport and General.

"The Shakespeares."

Mr. Chambers, some of whose books and autographs have been sold at Sotheby's, has many direct associations with great authors of the past, but, like an old lady next whom he sat at dinner in his youth, he stops short of Shakespeare. Her family and her husband's came from Stratford-on-Avon. "My own family, I believe, never knew the Shakespeares," she said in the course of conversation, "but my husband's first wife's people knew them very well." By making her a very old lady (when Mr. Chambers met her) who had married in her youth an old man who in his own youth had married firstly an elderly woman, it is possible, by a stretch of the imagination, to believe that Mr. Chambers did really set up a fourth-hand acquaintanceship with the Bard.



WHEN LORD WIMBORNE AND THE POLO-PLAYERS WERE IN SPAIN: AN INTERESTING GROUP.

It was announced a few days ago that Lord Wimborne had handed over to the Hurlingham Club the task of sending over a polo team with a view to regaining for England the Cup lost to America in 1909, and retained by Mr. Harry Whitney's team in 1911 and 1913. Lord Wimborne, it will be recalled, got together some sixty ponies and as many players as possible and took them to Madrid for a couple of months' practice on grounds placed at his disposal by the King of Spain and by the Madrid Polo Club. An English team was then chosen consisting of Major F. W. Barrett, Major B. Mathew-Lannowe, Captain Vivian Lockett, and Major C. F. Hunter. Various difficulties, however, have arisen, including illness, and they have not been playing particularly well as a combination. From left to right in the photograph are (back row) Captain H. A. Tomkinson, Major F. W. Barrett, Major C. F. Hunter, Count de Maza, Major B. Mathew-Lannowe; (in front) the Duke of Penaranda, the King of Spain, and Lord Wimborne.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

M. Anatole France on His Countrymen.

The author of "La Révolte des Anges," who may be aptly described as a mixture of Voltaire and Renan brought up to date, is by no means a flatterer of his countrymen, and still less of his countrywomen. I do not remember a feminine personage in any of his later novels who was not a slut or a jade. It would go ill with his great country if the women-folk were what he invariably represents them as being. In fact, I can only recall one who is sympathetic to decent people, and that was a Young Person of the year 2000, an electrical engineer by profession, "who looked about her" fearlessly, and seemed "amused at what she saw." And in his latest book M. Anatole France draws an amusing picture of a modern young Frenchman of good family who, even in his illicit amours, cannot do without his Guardian Angel. Maurice d'Esparvieu showed himself more generous towards his Angel than towards his principal lady-love. She, indeed, angled for sapphire bracelets in vain, having already received "a fur pelisse." "Being a Frenchman," says our author with much candour, "Maurice did not give money away willingly." This, I fancy, is the attitude of the Latin races, but not that of Slavs, Teutons, and Celts, in their relation to their women-folk. It is amusing to see it set down in cold print, with all that acid wit of which M. France is the consummate master.

Taste in Angels. A book entirely about angels sets one reflecting on the shifting taste in respect of those winged beings. The angels of the Primitive School were deliciously naïve and innocent. The charming, red-haired creations of Botticelli were much more roguish and sophisticated, and curiously resembled Florentine pages of the period. If such "angels" were painted to-day, we should unhesitatingly assign to some of them the "glad eye" of the stage. Then, again, there are terrible angels with flaming swords, celestial personages imagined by Michael Angelo, with the great Lucifer himself, and all that his existence implies. Other painters loved to depict fat cherubs who only possessed a head, shoulders, arms, and wings. These peeped out of clouds, or leant their chubby elbows on heavenly balustrades, like Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel." And, lastly, we have the same painter's "Angel of the Annunciation," a beautiful but epicene being who has little affinity with the more virile creatures of the great Renaissance.

Caroline's Letters to Elinor.

After reading Mrs. Glyn's "Letters to Caroline," I simply long to see Caroline's letters to Elinor. For if the Young Person in question is modern, I feel sure she has a "basic principle" too, and is quite capable of rounding on her godmother and of giving her, vulgarly and frankly, a piece of her mind. Someone—probably Sir Owen Seaman—is sure to do it, and then we shall get this unfortunate

débutante's point of view. The author lays too much stress on her favourite theory that young women are at a great disadvantage in England because they exist in such an overwhelming majority. As a matter of fact, they do not. Go into any modish ball-room this season and look at the battalions of black coats competing eagerly for a few handfuls of girls. There may be a superfluity of elderly widows and earnest middle-aged spinsters, but we cannot spare one of our flower-like girls. There are certain parishes in London—I believe Kensington is one of them—which are filled to overflowing with cultivated, well-to-do ladies *sur le retour*, but these have lost—or refused—their mates, and do not compete in that market which Mrs. Glyn considers the only one worth talking about—the marriage market. Personally, I think a young woman should be made familiar with the intricacies of the financial market, which would be much more sensible and useful than trying vainly to suit herself to the idiosyncrasies of every different kind of man who appears on her horizon. For we are no longer "true to type" in England. Even the eldest son of a Peer (which is the individual Elinor intends for Caroline) may wear gold spectacles and care chiefly for writing portentous oratorios. The young plutocrat—so desirable otherwise—may be a fierce Socialist, even an Anarchist. So how, pray, is Caroline, with her mincing insipidities, even though she maintains a graceful position on the fence, to capture either of these eligible persons? For she will have been taught to laugh at the one and fear the other.

Sundays and the Queen Mary Royal Academy.

Queen Mary paid a charming tribute to feminine talent when she bought two pictures painted by women artists on the occasion of the royal visit to Burlington House on Sunday. I wonder why the Royal Academicians do not open the galleries by invitation on Sunday afternoons for connoisseurs and picture-buyers, as it is now notorious that, owing to

the crowd at the Private View, very few pictures are sold at that great opening function of the London Season. How can a man—or a woman, for that matter—fix his vagrant glance and make up his mind to disburse a considerable sum when all London is chattering round him, and the newest and most eccentric modes challenge the eye and draw people's attention away from the thickly covered walls? The thing is impossible. A few Sundays in May might work wonders in the finances of Burlington House, and now that all our public galleries and museums are open on that day, the Council would be taking no portentous or revolutionary step if they invited picture-lovers to tea on Sunday afternoons. Such functions might, indeed, become extremely modish and important. We are all too inclined to move in grooves, to do the same thing year after year, and never to vary the monotony of the London Season by the smallest innovation. Owing to golf, motoring, and week-ends, Sunday is become the only really dull day of the week in town.



FRESH FROM PARIS: SOME CHIC DESIGNS FOR MORNING DRESSES.

The following descriptions read from left to right, omitting the seated figure in the background: (1) An original model in strawberry-pink cloth, buttoned-down the back; the tunic of a striped pink-and-white material, and the collar, cuffs, and revers of white linen. (2) A smart little blue-and-white checked dress for the morning, having as its only trimmings a belt and small roll collar of white cloth. (3) A costume of dull topaz-coloured material, the skirt furnished with two flounces forming a tunic, and the coat, which is held in at the waist with a narrow belt, having a collar and cuffs of white linen. (4) A chic morning frock made of coarse white tweed; the bodice close-fitting, with a basque forming a full tunic over the skirt; the cuffs and tie of butcher-blue coloured silk.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 27.

TWO CABLE COMPANIES.

A CERTAIN amount of nervousness has been apparent of late with regard to all Telegraph and Cable Companies in view of wireless developments and reductions in rates which have been considered necessary. Although the reports of both the Eastern Telegraph Company and the Eastern Extension, Australasia, and China Company show a decline in profits, we think they should go some way to restore confidence in the future of such enterprises.

The first-named Company registered a decline of £37,000 to £1,462,800 in gross receipts, and, as working expenses advanced considerably, the net revenue was £60,000 lower at £777,600. The dividend and bonus are maintained at 7 per cent., and the whole loss in revenue falls upon the allocation to reserve, but the sum so applied still amounts to the respectable total of £330,000. A great deal of money has been expended upon new cables and renewals of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean lines and other extensions, the cost of which, amounting to £518,000, has, as usual, been charged against the reserve account. This fund now stands at £1,559,800. It is hoped that the reduction in rates and the extension of the "week-end" telegram service will lead to an increase of business. At 134½, the Ordinary stock yields well over 5 per cent.

The Eastern Extension, Australasia, and China Company also suffered a decline in gross receipts, although only to the extent of £9000; but here again expenses were higher, so that the net revenue balance, after payment of Debenture interest, was £45,600 lower at £343,000. The dividend and bonus remain at 7 per cent., a rate which has been paid for the last quarter of a century.

The reserve fund shows a considerable shrinkage, but the money has all been applied towards the cost of remunerative works, such as the new lines from Penang to Hong-Kong and to Colombo.

These new cables are now open to traffic, and so it is reasonable to suppose that earnings will show some improvement during the current year. The shares are quoted at 134½, which was the figure ruling when we referred to them twelve months ago, and we certainly look upon them as a satisfactory investment to yield 5½ per cent.

SPIES PETROLEUM.

The full report of this Company for 1913 will not be available until some time next month, but, as fresh developments are expected before very long, a few particulars may be of interest in the meantime.

A large number of new wells are being sunk in various parts of the Company's property, some close to the North Caucasian property, some on the Baskakoff plot, and some to the south of this latter area. It is here that the next developments are expected—No. 1 Well, in fact, was producing 9000 poods a day at one time, but it was considered safer to deepen it still further owing to fears that the water "shut-off" was too near. A cable is looked for at any moment that these wells have begun to produce, and great hopes are entertained that Well No. 1 will prove to be a gusher.

From these and other wells which are being sunk, it appears practically certain that the production will show a large increase before very long, and under the new contract which came into force at the beginning of the year the Spies Company will get a better price for their output than ever before.

With regard to the forthcoming report, we do not expect anything very startling. It is true the production in 1913 was lower than in 1912 owing to troubles with water on the western plots, but the higher prices for oil are expected to compensate for this, and so little doubt is entertained that last year's dividend will be maintained; 22½ per cent. was then distributed, which called for £167,300, but £248,300 was earned.

At the present price of about 22s. 3d., the shares therefore yield 10 per cent. on the money, and seem to possess speculative possibilities. They have been over 25s. fairly recently, and we attribute the subsequent decline entirely to the unsatisfactory market conditions existing here, and to an even greater extent in Paris, where the shares are extensively held.

A MYSTERY?

Rhodesian Mines are never likely to find much favour with the public until people can be persuaded that they have a fair chance of "getting a run for their money." Cam and Motors made up at 25s. last account, and no official announcement was issued until Friday. In the meantime, however, somebody had been selling the shares, which were quoted at 23s. 9d. on Wednesday night, 22s. 6d. on Thursday night, and 21s. on Friday (after the announcement of the trial crushing results).

Of course, it *may* have been due to a dream, or a deceased account, or an inspiration, but in this sceptical age we are afraid quite a lot of people will imagine that a cable started the selling. Secrets are proverbially no longer secrets when more than one person knows them, but the directors would certainly enhance their prestige if they caused some inquiries to be made.

The public doesn't mind taking under the odds and losing its money, but no one can be expected to go on playing when he finds the other chap has been betting on a certainty! And it's not the first time.

CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

We referred hopefully to the shares of this Company twelve months ago, when the Ordinary shares stood at £12, and although the price is now unchanged, we think the report for 1913, which has just appeared, fully justifies the good opinion which we then formed. It is true that profits did not quite come up to those of 1912, but the decline was not very important, and at £91,861 the profits are still much above those of 1911.

The report states that orders have been fully maintained, and that the gross figures are even larger than during last year, but working expenses have increased. With regard to the coming year, the directors consider that prospects for both home and foreign business are excellent.

The dividend on the Ordinary shares remains unaltered at 15 per cent., which was earned more than twice over, and the Company's financial position is exceptionally strong. Neither goodwill nor patents appear in the balance-sheet as assets, while the reserves and carry-forward together amount to £230,000, or over one-third of the issued capital, including Debentures.

The directors are wisely determined to strengthen the already strong position of the Company, but there seems every probability that the dividend will be eventually restored to the 20 per cent. which was distributed in 1901. In the meantime, a purchaser at the present price receives a return of about 6½ per cent., which seems exceedingly attractive when the position and prospects are taken into consideration.

Neither the Cumulative 5 per cent. Preference shares nor the First Mortgage Debentures offer particularly high returns, but they are both first-class commercial investments, and can be safely held.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Why are markets like Holland?" inquired the clerk, in a vain attempt to enliven the office.

Nobody troubled to answer so silly a question except the Rubber expert, who suggested that the answer was a lemon.

"You might just as well say they're like Switzerland because of the depressions——"

"Or a river since the tide never turns——"

"Or a sieve because there's no bottom——"

Having all contributed their grol, the conversation became a little more specific.

"I don't see how things can be very bright at present," said the senior partner. "What with Ulster and the Budget and Mexico and——"

"The United States appear to be a little more active" interrupted the Rubber expert; "but I don't believe Huerta intends to resign."

The clerk's hearty "Not very likely" was received with a cold glance by the senior partner, although he also agreed with the opinion expressed.

"There are a few bright spots all the same," the latter declared. "Russian Mines keep remarkably firm——"

"In face of the cables, Russo-Asiatics could hardly do anything else, could they?" asked the Rubber expert.

"Kirkland Lakes are up in the account," remarked the senior partner; but nobody appeared either very enthusiastic or very much impressed by the fact.

"Renongs don't show their promised recovery," remarked the Rubber expert rather savagely; but the clerk, who'd been responsible for the tip, seemed quite cheerful.

"There's nothing much the matter," he said; "they've found more clay than they expected, and the Tin market is pretty rotten, but there are plenty of people waiting to pick the shares up when they get a chance, and the latest return is much better."

"Which reminds me," said the senior partner, "that someone told me I should be able to pick up North Cauc at 40s. after the dividend announcement, but I——"

"Well," replied the accused, "you can buy them cheaper to-day than when that statement was made, so I've saved you something——"

"Wrong again; I didn't take any notice of the advice."

The clerk retired hurt after this "unkindest cut of all," and the Rubber expert continued, "Cuban Ports are better again, but I'm bothered if I can see why."

"That's a dangerous stock to play with; blind pools always are——"

"Somebody must know something."

"Possibly they do; and that's all the more reason to leave 'em alone——"

"And they'll come home," interrupted the clerk, who was never quiet for very long, "bringing——" But a rubber sample on the back of his head quickly stopped him. He explained his views about the Rubber expert's parentage, and then went on, "When markets are like this, there's only one golden rule——"

"For what we are about to——"

(Continued on page 102.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Moderns and Mourning.

On one point no one goes back to the good old days, albeit on many most of us do on some particular occasion. The exception is formal mourning. No one craves for the long period of sable garments and crane, and going sadly and in comparative isolation, which used to obtain when members of families, of communities, or of those who by birth, position, or talent belonged to the nation, were claimed by the Great Reconciler. Life is too short for great chunks out of it to be devoted to mourning, the outward semblance of which is so often insincere. Nature, happily, does not permit even the most heavily stricken to be always contemplating their loss. In the case of the very sincerely regretted death of the Duke of Argyll, the decision of the King not to stop the Royal visit of their Danish Majesties, and to suspend Court mourning while it continued, was a relief to many. Court mourning for a month was inevitable; but that refers only to the Court and to those who expect to meet Royal personages. A quarter of a century ago it would have been very different. The periods for family mourning have also been most mercifully shortened, and in this matter, there is a universal feeling of respect for the good, new common-sense days.

The Newest Duke. His Grace of Argyll has not been much in the eye of the public; he is a clever man and one who, like the Argyll Campbells in general, keeps himself very much to himself, living at Coombe Hill Farm, among his books and his animals. Last year his father died, leaving him the heir to the Dukedom. He is unmarried, and has only one sister, who will soon be raised to the rank of a Duke's daughter. Hitherto she has been known as Miss Elspeth Campbell, a handsome and a charming woman, devoted to all things Gaelic, even to the pipes, which she plays well. During the last few years she has been much with Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll: the Princess is said to have become greatly attached to her. The new Duke has cousins (only two, however), and one uncle,



A REST-CHAIR ON THE STAGE: THE "BURLINGTON" AS USED BY SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "THE TWO VIRTUES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The well-known "Burlington" patent adjustable rest-chairs are made by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street. Messrs. Foot have recently received an order from King Gustav of Sweden for one of the same type as that which they supplied to the Duchess of Connaught during her long illness last year.

also a cousin in the second generation. The direct line is not very well supplied with heirs. Lady Archibald Campbell, the Duke's mother, was a ward of the eighth Duke, and is well known for her original dressing, decided views, and artistic taste.

Old Friends Are Surest. We play about new

products called by high-sounding names, coupled with testimonials from the great, the beautiful, the good, and the notorious; and when our skins do not derive the benefit we hoped, back we all come to Crème Simon, invented in 1860, and dependable to-day as then, and ever; and its companions—Rice Powder Simon, and Crème Simon Soap. We make no apology for our defection, but we are delighted to find our skins get soft, satin-like in texture, firm and cool, all blemishes banished,

wrinkles gone, and freckles vanished. There are no friends like old friends; especially when they are such good friends as Crème Simon, which is used by men, women, and children.

A Grand and Magnificent Baby.

A great Russian pianist, hitherto unknown to us, has expressed a wish to use a Lipp grand piano when playing in London. Mr. Fritz Willeringhaus, the principal of Richard Lipp and Son, of 56, Berners Street, is making arrangements for a special recital on a Lipp "Minimgrand," the babygrand magnificent which, owing to the extraordinary



A PRINCESS OF SICILY WHO HAS MADE HER DÉBUT AS A CONCERT-SINGER: PRINCESS ALLIATA DI VILLAFRANCA.

Princess di Villafranca arranged to make her début on a concert platform at the Aeolian Hall last Friday, with Prince Tschagadareff as her accompanist. She sings in Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish.

Photograph by Sarony.

volume of tone, will, he believes, fully justify its use for the first time by a great pianist publicly. No such honour has been previously conferred on a baby grand.

White Hats. There is quite an epidemic of white hats, made of moiré, of terry velvet, of satin, of taffeta, and of brocade; they are to be seen on all sides on smart occasions. These hats are at the moment worn by Duchesses and Countesses, comedy-opera belles, millionaire 'misses,' and those ladies who lead. The moment will have passed almost as I write, I fear, for the craze will settle on the heads of those who follow—even of those who follow a long way off! Another fashion destined, for a similar reason, to be short-lived is the high, white-muslin incroyable collar leaving the neck bare, but shading it. They are quite pretty and smart styles, these;

but—oh! fatal "but"—they are subject to cheap imitation, and so they are evanescent so far as the circles that matter are concerned



AT A SALE OF WORK IN AID OF THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) VISCOUNTESS ESHER, THE RANEE MUDAH OF SARAWAK, AND MISS MORTIMER.

Earl Cadogan has given 1½ acres for the site of the new hospital, and £16,000 is still required. The sale of work, held at 35, Chesham Place, by permission of Baroness de Goldsmid, was opened by the Marchioness of Londonderry.—[Photograph by C.N.]



FAIR SWORD-FISH: COMPETITORS IN THE FINAL POOL OF THE LADIES' FOILS CHAMPIONSHIP AT CAXTON HALL.

Miss A. B. Walker, the holder, won, and her sister, Miss C. A. Walker, was the runner-up. In the photograph (from left to right) are—standing, Miss C. Ballance, Miss M. Sebag-Montefiore, Miss D. Cheetham; sitting, Miss C. A. Walker, Miss A. B. Walker (the champion); on the ground, Miss M. Smalley.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Continued from page 190.]

Ignoring the interruption, the clerk continued, "And that is, stick to the things you know all about, and then, if the price goes against you, you can pay up and sit tight—"

"Until the cows come home!"

"—Otherwise you're only asking for trouble."

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

A year ago we suggested that Royal Mail Ordinary stock was fully valued, and the price is now very much lower. Disappointment was felt that the dividend was not increased to 7 per cent., and the report did nothing to dispel this feeling, as the net earnings were £57,000 lower at £213,600. It seems a great pity that so much of the real position should be concealed by the Board. For instance, the amount placed to depreciation is not disclosed, and yet this question is so vital that, without the figure, it is impossible to form an accurate opinion of the year's results.

Buying of Antofagasta Preferred and Deferred has been very marked of late, the latest prices being 110 and 171 respectively. The Preferred is only entitled to 5 per cent. until the Deferred has received 10 per cent., and as the latter stock received only 8½ per cent. last year, it is necessary to take rather an optimistic view in order to justify such a price for the Preferred. The buying, however, has been what is generally known as "good," so the dividend announcement will be very interesting.

Saturday, May 9, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

B. C. D.—We can learn nothing more than has appeared in the daily Press. The shares do not appeal to us.

JACK.—Prospects hopeless, but shares unsaleable!

PHIL.—(1) A good purchase to hold. (2) Only fair. (3) Attractive as a speculation, but cannot be classed higher.

JAPS.—We do not care for the security you mention, and although there is, perhaps, no immediate hurry, we should take the first favourable opportunity to get out.

DOUBTFUL.—Your list is rather an unfortunate one, but we think you had better hold them all for the present. You may see lower prices in the meantime, but eventually you should see higher prices than those ruling at present.

KAX.—You are right in thinking that the recent drop is due to the drought and should therefore prove only temporary; but we are not sufficiently impressed with the Company's prospects to advise a further purchase. The ore-reserves are too small for our liking.

RETIRED.—A very sound list—one which should enable you to sleep o' nights.

WESTERN.—(1) and (2) We do not like even as speculations. (3) Only fair, but might be held for a recovery. (4) We will make some inquiries, and reply next week.

TAVE.—We should leave well alone. The signing certainly makes you liable for 7s. 6d. per share.

BARBER.—We consider the shares a fair speculation, and know the people behind to be respectable.

VERSON.—Many thanks; we will make some inquiries and try to confirm. The Copper shares are a pure spec., but a little buying has been in evidence of late.

We have received a copy of "Rubber Facts and Figures" for May 1914, which is published at 1s. by Fred C. Mathieson and Sons, 16, Copthall Avenue, E.C. The book is not very large, but the amount of useful information to be found in its 140 pages is out of all proportion to its size, and it is arranged in such a manner that comparisons between different Companies are exceedingly easy.

An extraordinary general meeting of R. Waygood and Company, Ltd., was held recently to consider a proposed agreement with the Otis Elevator Company, of New Jersey, U.S.A., and to change the name to Waygood-Otis, Ltd. Mr. H. C. Walker, who presided, referred to the competition in this country and the Colonies of the Otis Company, and the assumption that it might become keener. The intention was that all the machines supplied by the united company for British territories would be made in Great Britain, embody the advantage of both systems, and give additional output at reduced cost, enabling them to compete on very favourable terms with other manufacturers in this country. This negotiation was the purchase by a London Company of the American rights in the London Otis Company. The management of the combination would be in the hands of those who had built up the Waygood Company, with the added strength of new directors. The amount paid to the American Company for their shares in the London Company would be paid out of the money the Otis Elevator Company were subscribing for shares in this Company. They were buying the Waygood shares at 3s. 9d. premium—evidence of their opinion of the value of the business. The money would be paid out as a bonus to Ordinary shareholders on the register at the date of the issue of the circular. The necessary resolutions were carried unanimously.

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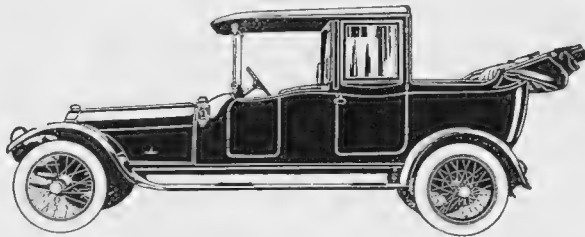
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Four-cylinder engine, 101-5 x 140 mm. Stewart
Talbot carburetter, forced-feed lubrication, Bosch
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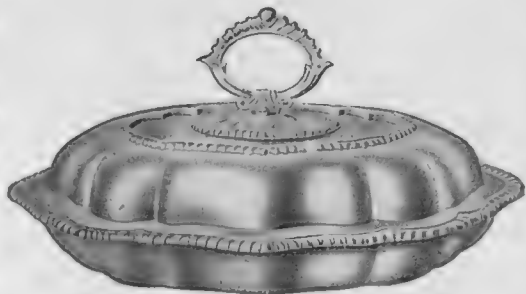
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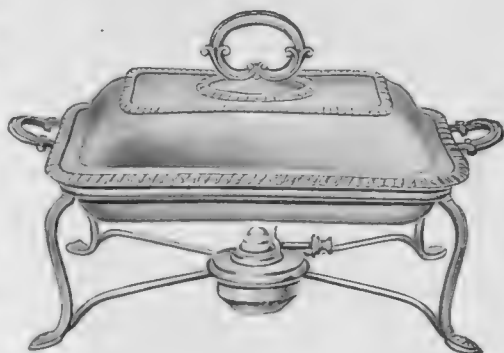


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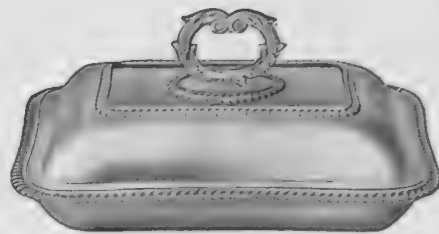
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Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9 9 0
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FINE COLLECTION OF OLD DUTCH MARQUETTERIE IN- LAID FURNITURE , in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, etc., etc. Would suit Connoisseurs.	
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Oval, Fine, long Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf	4 10 0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	7 15 0
5 ft. wide Queen Anne Design Side- board	6 17 6
3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very good	7 15 0
Two Massive Solid Fumed Oak Sideboard, fitted handsome Glass Back	3 15 0
Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1 10 0
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10 10 0

2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match	12 12 0
DINING TABLE , extending with extra leaf, Shaped Legs, to match	3 15 0
The Very Fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom, to match	6 6 0
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side on suite	6 15 0
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee	5 5 0
Set of Sheraton Design Dining-Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard	5 15 0
Overmantel to match	1 17 6
2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choicely upholstered in Morocco leather	12 15 0
Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table	5 5 0
Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete	2 11 0
Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard	21 0 0
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Set of Dining Tables, on suite, extend- ing to about 10 ft. long	12 12 0
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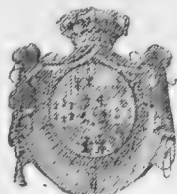
Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto, Covered rich French Broche Silk	25 0 0
Upright Grand Piano, Overstrung. A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns.	27 0 0
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A Very Costly Louis XIV. All- Brass Fender Suite	8 10 0
Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set, comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs and 4 Small Chairs	9 9 0
Three Carved and Gilt Bergere Chairs, loose down Seats and Footstools	12 10 0
Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torchères	5 5 0
Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top	4 15 0
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occa- sional Chairs	0 18 6
Costly Carved and Gilt Graduated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels	12 12 0
3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees 6 ft. 6 in. long	4 15 0
2 smaller ditto	2 17 6
6 Large, Solid Spring Chesterfield Easy Chairs	2 15 0
4 ditto smaller	1 17 6
Fine Complete Collection of Satin Wood Drawing-Room Furniture, very beautifully Painted Medallions, comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escr- utoire, etc. Impossible to describe, would suit Connoisseurs.	
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Costly Set of Fine Old English Cut Table Glass, over 100 pieces	7 10 0
A Magnificent Vernis Martin Cabi- net of a design rarely seen. Dealers should inspect.	25 0 0
A Costly Serpentine Front Commode, Marble Top	12 0 0
French Ornate and real Onyx Clock Set	7 7 0
Quantity of Very Fine Carpets and Rugs, including Real Persian, Turkey, Malabar, Calcutta, Aubusson, Fine Axminster and others. Fine Collection of Old Prints and Paintings. Old Sherfield and Plated Goods, Cutlery, Glass, Bed and Table Linen, Draperies, etc., etc.	

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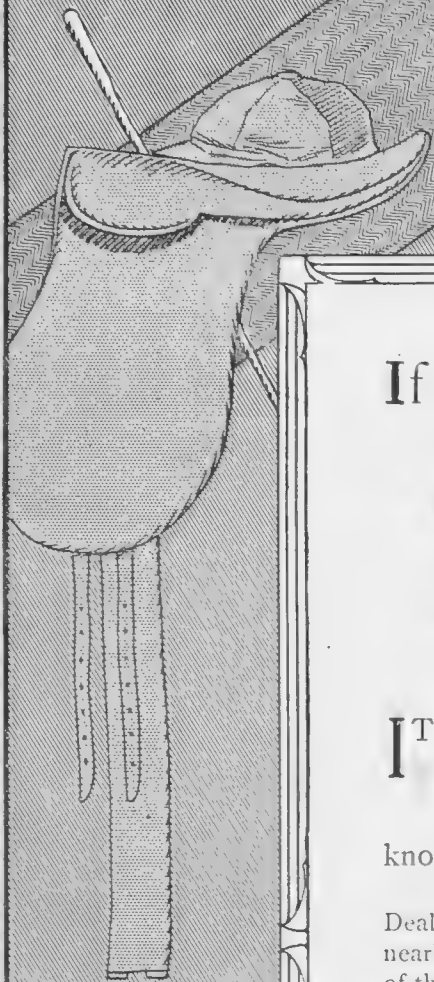
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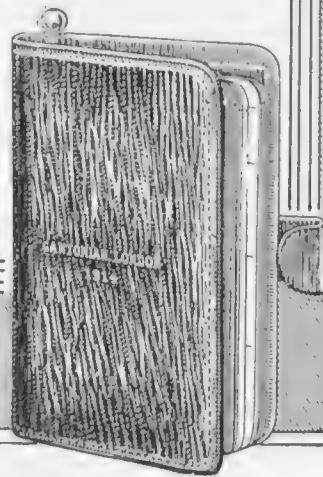
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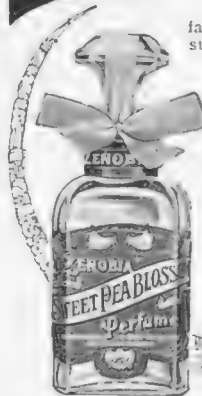
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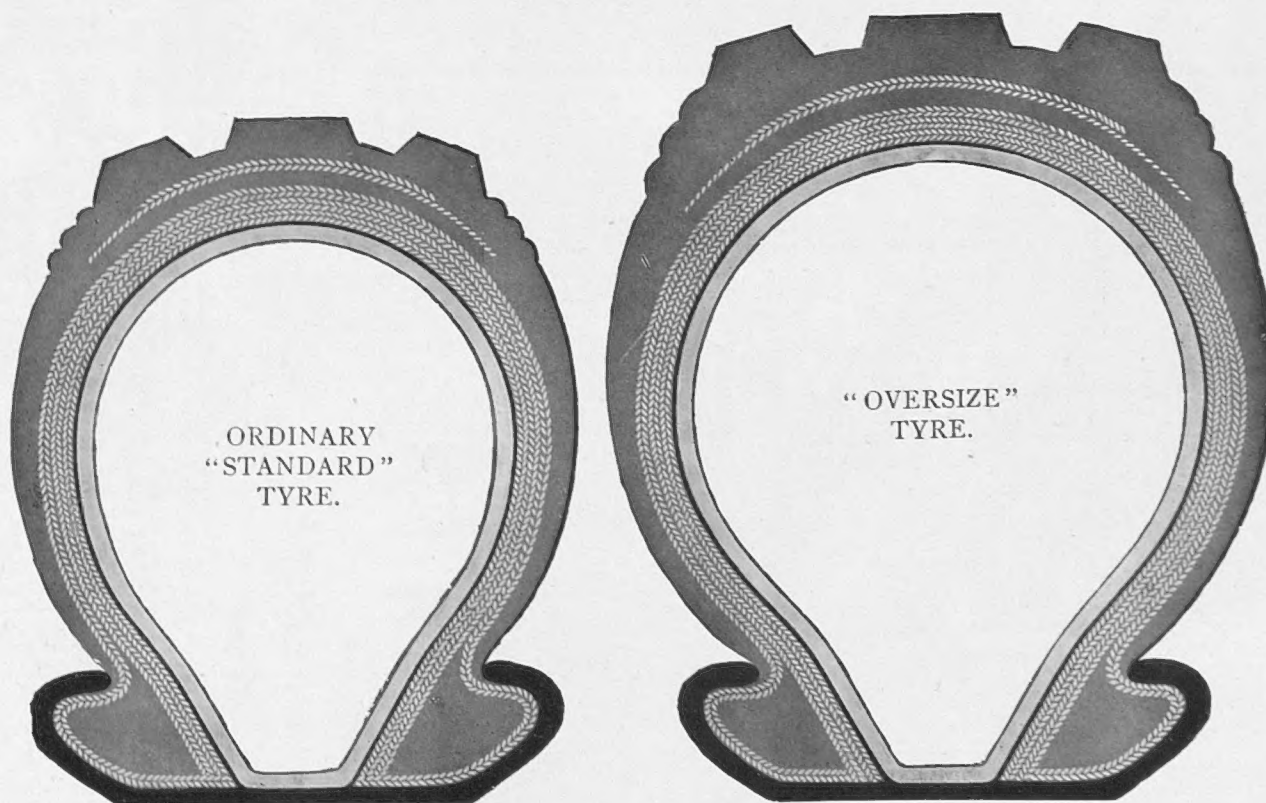
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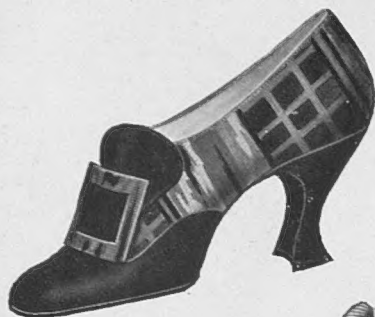
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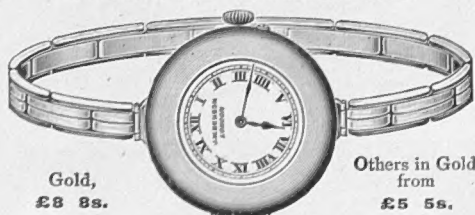
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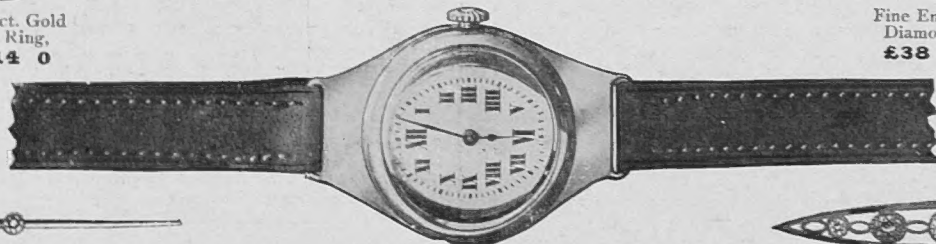
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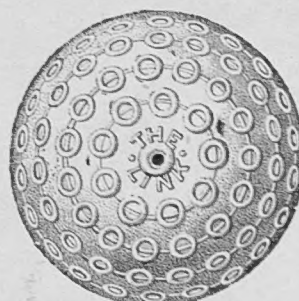
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THE OPERA SEASON.

GRAND OPERA in England is always dependent to some extent upon the sensational. It is supported by a leisured class that seeks to travel as far as possible from the commonplace. Singers of great reputation and operas that have a strong flavour of the bizarre are the only material with which an impresario who challenges the hegemony of Covent Garden can hope, in America's classic phrase, to "make good." To find novelties and to present them effectively demands an enormous outlay that will probably not be remunerative, and he must be a bold, as well as a rich, man who will rush in where Mr. Oscar Hammerstein and others have trodden so expensively. Happily for London, Sir Joseph Beecham is one who dares do aught that may become an impresario, and, encouraged by the artistic success of last year's experiment at Drury Lane, he is about to open a second season of Russian opera and ballet—a longer season than its predecessor, and a still more costly one. Those who profess to know something of the figures involved have been heard to declare that no measure of public response, however generous, can make the Drury Lane season yield a fair return for the work to be done and the risks to be encountered; but this is a question with which the general public is not greatly concerned. If Sir Joseph Beecham cares to give to opera and the service of music-lovers the money that other men similarly circumstanced would prefer to spend upon a yacht or a racing-stable, so much the better for art. He is limiting his programme to German and Russian music, and in this way is steering clear of the Grand Opera Syndicate, whose programme will, for the rest of the season, be devoted, with very few exceptions, to French and Italian music.

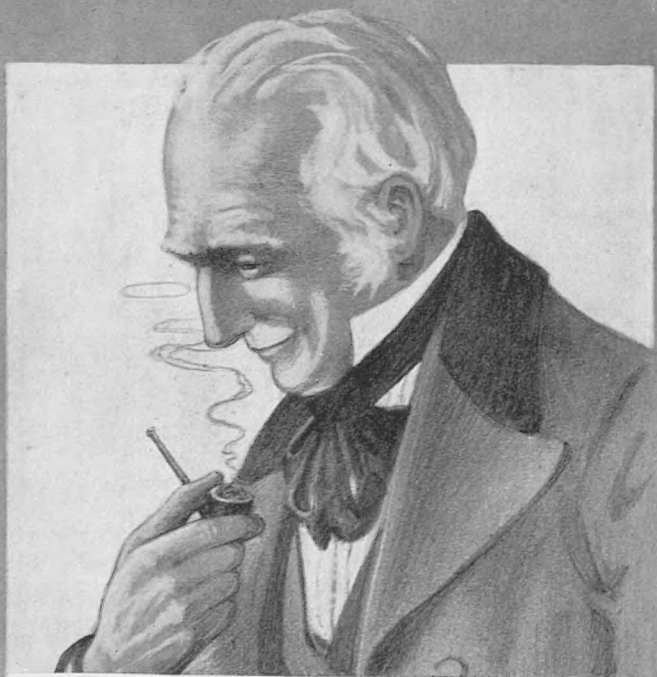
It is not necessary at this moment to say much of the German contribution to the season. Dr. Richard Strauss will be represented by his opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," and the new ballet, "The Legend of Joseph," which is to be produced in Paris on the 14th, with Mr. Léonidas Massin as Joseph, and Miss Ida Rubinstein as Potiphar's wife. Charlotte Uhr is to appear as Octavian in "Der Rosenkavalier," and Mesdames Melita Heim and Freda Hempel are spoken of for the difficult rôle of the Queen of Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute." Mme. Freda Hempel can hardly be forgotten in London: she sang and acted delightfully at Covent Garden only a few years ago.

It is Russian opera and Russian ballet that will make the special appeal to London, and Sir Joseph Beecham is dealing very generously with his subscribers. One of the new works, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or," appears to be opera and ballet in one, and to involve an enormous expense.

It was not precisely accurate to say that Drury Lane's season will be limited to German and Russian opera. There is one English work, "Dylan," of which the music is by Mr. Josef Holbrooke, and the libretto by Lord Howard de Walden. It will be remembered that both Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Thomas Beecham are admirers of and believers in Mr. Holbrooke's work. They have given it practical support, and this is well, for, whether we agree or disagree in their estimate of the young English composer, it must be admitted by all that he is a serious, gifted, and conscientious writer who resolutely refuses all concessions to what is known as popular taste. Whatever his art be worth—and of this the future is best able to judge—it is clear that without influential support he must have been, in regard to his most ambitious efforts, no more than a voice crying in the wilderness.

The operas familiar to London are: "Boris Godounov," "Khovantchina," "Ivan the Terrible," "Der Rosenkavalier," and, perhaps, "Die Zauberflöte"; the last is seldom heard, and has been deliberately altered for production at Drury Lane. New works are: "Prince Igor"—of which we have seen the ballet—"Nuit de Mai," "Le Rossignol," by Stravinsky, a "Chinese" opera, and "Le Coq d'Or." The new ballets are: Dr. Strauss's "Legend of Joseph," "Midas," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Papillons." The old ones are "Petrouchka," "Thamar," "Scheherazade," "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Carnaval," "Cléopâtre," "Spectre de la Rose," "Lac des Cygnes," "Les Sylphides," and "Narcisse"—a most attractive programme.

It is said, perhaps in the ordinary way of business, that "The Legend of Joseph" is very daring indeed, but there is no occasion for the super-sensitive to feel alarmed. In the arrangement of the Russian ballets hitherto, London has shown an ample sense of decorum, and the proprieties that designers and costumiers have forgotten to trouble about in Moscow, St. Petersburg, or Paris have been reinforced here. "Scheherazade," for example, that singularly erotic fragment from the "Thousand Nights and a Night," is not given to us as it is given in Paris. The fact that Herr von Hoffmannsthal is the librettist is sufficiently significant. In the story, as presented on the stage, Potiphar's wife sees Joseph at an entertainment given by her husband and falls in love with him. Later, Joseph is discovered asleep and dreaming of an angel who becomes materialised and assumes the form of Mrs. Potiphar. She kisses him and he runs away. Greatly annoyed, the lady calls the soldiers, and after making an all-too-common charge against an innocent man, orders his execution. But an angel—perhaps the real one he was dreaming about—intervenes at the psychological moment, and Mrs. Potiphar commits suicide. Who could demand a more moral story?



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